THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNPOPULAR MANDATES

GLOOMY predictions come from Eastern Asia, where hostility to the French and British mandates, which were never wanted in any case by the people, is growing more intense. The Syrians hate the French, to whom they have been involuntarily subjected, with a bitterness that increases with the severity of the measures taken to repress them. We had a suggestion of this — though only the milder part of the story ever reached America — in the demonstration at the time of Mr. Crane's visit to Damascus last April, and in the sentencing of one of the most enlightened men in Syria to twenty years at hard labor for participating in it. Instead of reducing her troops in Syria, France has been obliged to strengthen them and is now maintaining there an army of approximately 100,000 men. She has been unfortunate in her selection of white officials, most of whom have been transferred from the West African colonies and have insisted upon applying to the Syrians the same methods they used with African negroes.

In order to offset the hostility of their mandate subjects, the French Governors are courting close relations with the Turks and Arabs, and have sent field artillery, machine guns, airplanes, and aviation instructors to Mustafa Kemal at Angora. This assistance is partly responsible for the recent successes of the latter against the Greeks. Rumor even has it that the French, in order to check the growth of British influence in Western Asia, have made secret treaties with powerful Arab sheiks in territories supposed to be within the British sphere of control, and are supplying them with arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile the British themselves are in an equally precarious situation, and are adopting almost equally desperate measures to protect their interests. Presumably, if Mustafa Kemal succeeds in driving the Greeks out of Smyrna, or in securing their evacuation of the Mediterranean coast by other means, he will turn his attention to recovering Mosul and will penetrate Mesopotamia, where the native population would probably join him, thus bringing an insurgent and hostile Moslem nation up to the very gates of India. In Arabia proper the great chieftains can bring — according to some estimates — 200,000 warriors into the field in case of necessity. England is holding them off by heavy subsidies at present. But should the Turks win notable successes, these desert

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tribes may get out of hand and sweep northward through Syria and Palestine. In a word, the situation in Eastern Asia is probably more perilous than our dispatches indicate or the public suspects; and if the new Turk offensive has sufficient momentum to reach the Mediterranean coast, it may precipitate events that will upset the post-war settlements in this portion of the world.

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LLOYD GEORGE AND POINCARÉ

REPARATIONS negotiations are rotating so rapidly in Europe — albeit it seems they are making little progress forward — that their phases are out of date almost before one can snapshot them. The latest British papers are naturally occupied with the futile meeting of Lloyd George and Poincaré in London. Both the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* discuss the situation from the Lloyd George standpoint. Crawford Price, writing in the *Sunday Times*, says of Poincaré and his supporters: —

> They have never quite reconciled themselves to the loss of the Rhine as the Franco-German frontier, and they have never ceased to clamor for the occupation of the Ruhr, either by military force or by such less flagrant but perhaps equally efficacious operations as M. Poincaré now advocates. Their object is to smash Germany while the smashing is good; they have no use for our ideas of propagating peace by conciliation. Their hopes of security are based upon force and, so it would seem, force alone.

Great Britain is ready to coöperate with France in any policy that is candidly directed toward securing an eventual payment of the indemnity from Germany, but will not compromise on any measure designed primarily to ruin Germany. 'The Entente is very dear to British hearts; but it possesses a sentimental value out of all proportion, so far as we are concerned, to its material advantage, and there are more disastrous possibilities confronting contemporary Europe than its rupture.'

The *Observer* insists that when a settlement is made it must be comprehensive, and not a half-measure designed merely to relieve the present emergency.

> Revision of the indemnity, together with the revision of the debts, can only be undertaken as part of a general endeavor to reach a wider settlement, including the questions of disarmament and security. In that endeavor a final solution of the reparations problem must take first place. We have always recognized that the claim of the French devastated regions constituted a first charge on German payments. Without a permanent settlement of that claim it is not possible to imagine peace in Europe.
>
> Nor have French rights in this sense, so far as we are aware, ever been disputed in this country. But the necessary counterpart to the satisfaction of French claims upon Germany is the only policy that will set Europe to work again and restore to Germany the means of discharging her debt. Thus the revision of the indemnity, and the parallel revision of debt, hang together inextricably with an agreement as to armaments and mutual guarantees for security, and with coöperative measures to clear away the obstructions with which post-war policy has wantonly dammed the attenuated flow of trade.

The comments of the French press are at the same time cautious and caustic. *Le Gaulois* considers the Balfour note the real cause of the failure to reach a compromise. Tardieu's paper, *L'Écho National*, believes that Lloyd George's lack of good manners was responsible for a large, even an immense, part of this sterility. *Le Petit Parisien* and *L'Éclair*, representing respectively Liberalism and ultra-Nationalism, agree in considering the failure of the meeting a mere temporary dis agreement. *La Journée Industrielle*, the organ of big industry, declares: 'We are going by more or less difficult roads toward a new general treaty.' *Le*

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Temps believes the conference was wrecked on Lloyd George's refusal to discuss Interallied debts. This journal and some of its colleagues remark upon the possibility of a continental coalition to oppose Great Britain. A feeling that France is isolated seems to be responsible for the caution that characterizes much of this comment.

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'FACING REALITIES'

UNDER this caption the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* of August 19 reprints a letter to the editor of the *Westmeath Independent*, signed by three captured officers of the De Valera troops, admitting that their cause is hopelessly wrong, and urging their associates to lay down their arms and join in with the Free Staters to reëstablish peace and prosperity in Ireland. We quote the following passages from this letter, which fills a column and a half of the *Freeman:* 'We thought we were trudging along the hard straight road to a republic, whereas in reality we were wandering aimlessly through a maze of folly.' They condemn their own leaders, 'who committed us to unnecessary civil war without arms, without money, without an atom of true intelligence about the army we were to fight, without the slightest sympathy or approval of the civilian "flock of sheep."' They continue:—

Actualities count in modern politics, not mirages, and any soldier will admit that two rifles are better than one. Though force alone will not gain our ends, if we want to see our cause progress in our generation, we must sooner or later coöperate with the Free State Government. . . . Given a chance of development, Ireland will be one of the very richest countries in Europe within a very short time. There is danger that her national aspirations will be swallowed up in her prosperity. In guarding against that lies our patriotic duty. That will be our field of battle. . . .

From the social point of view our attitude was criminally wrong. Our Headquarters forced us into a war in direct opposition to the will and wishes of our people. We went to our own people, and at revolver point forced them to give us money, food, and clothing. Was that just?

Almost without exception, the obituary notices dealing with Griffith and Collins in the British press were sympathetic or laudatory. John S. Steele says in the *Observer* that Griffith was a statesman but not a politician. He supplied the political ideas on which the Irish conflict was founded. He was sometimes described as the last of the pamphleteers, and from his pen were issued the fugitive publications which became the textbooks of Young Ireland. De Valera's rise to titular leadership was largely an accident, and his election as President was by a snap vote, almost immediately regretted by many of the leaders, who from the first felt that this place belonged to Griffith.

Although accused by his enemies of not being Irish because of the Welsh blood in his veins, Griffith traced his descent and his name from one of the oldest families in Wexford. His association with Collins was more than an accidental political relationship. It was based upon the attraction of opposites and grew into a peculiarly intimate personal friendship.

Griffith and Collins formed an ideal team. Each supplied what the other lacked. Griffith, who was a shy man, had none of the arts of the popular politician. He spoke with difficulty and, because of his shyness, seemed cold — which was far from the fact. Collins has all the arts and qualities of a popular leader — and the two men were like brothers. I remember during a meeting of Dàil Eireann last January, when Collins was being attacked bitterly by the extremists, Griffith rose and declared: 'If there is one thing that I am prouder of than another, it is my association with Michael Collins — the man who won the war.'

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RECENT PACIFIST LITERATURE IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

No less than sixty-four pacifists in Germany and abroad have contributed to a work entitled *Die Friedensbewegung, ein Handbuch der Weltfriedensströmungen der Gegenwart*, edited by Kurt Lenz and Walter Fabian, which has just been published in Berlin by Schwetschke und Sohn. Among the German contributors are Einstein, Friedrich William Förster, Helmuth von Gerlach, Count Keszler, and Walter Schücking. There is an introduction giving a history of pacifist propaganda, followed by chapters upon the religious, cultural, political, and economic factors in the peace movement, and upon tactics and measures. This volume is expected to serve as a temporary substitute for a revised edition of Alfred H. Fried's *Handbuch der Friedensbewegung*, the publication of which was prevented by the author's death last year. A short biographical eulogy of Fried has just been published by the *Neue-Geist-Verlag* of Leipzig.

Karl Strupp's *Grundzüge des positiven Völkerrechtes*, a short manual published last year by Ludwig Röhrscheid, at Bonn, while not specifically pacifist in intent, and rather German-nationalist in its interpretation of the war, is associated with pacifist literature in the current reviews, because of the stress it lays upon the juridical settlement of international disputes. Almost simultaneously the second volume of Fauchille's *Traité de droit international public* appeared at Paris. The publisher is Arthur Rousseau. This is a more comprehensive work based upon the preceding work of Bonfils, of which, however, it constitutes more than a mere revision.

Several books have recently been published upon specific fields of international law. Among the more notable is a work by a Hungarian scholar, Von Magyary, entitled *Die internationale Schiedsgerichtsbarkeit im Völkerbunde*, issued the present year by Otto Liegmann, Berlin. It deals particularly with the new International Tribunal at The Hague. Two French works published at Paris last year are devoted to the League of Nations and the relation of France to that body. The first of these is *La Société des Nations et la France*, by Brunet; and the second, *La Société des Nations depuis 1920*, by Larnaude. The latter is little more than a pamphlet. Both authors deplore the skepticism with which France regards the League of Nations, and take an optimistic view of that institution's future.

Professor Grauert of Munich University has just published a volume, entitled *Zur Geschichte des Weltfriedens, des Völkerrechts und der Idee einer Liga der Nationen*, which, like Professor Valentin's *Geschichte des Völkerbundgedankens in Deutschland*, gives the historical background of the movement toward an association of nations to prevent war that culminated in the present League. Unhappily, like most German writers at present, the former author has not been able to refrain from propaganda against the Versailles Treaty, thus exposing himself to the suspicion of partisan bias in his historical interpretations.

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MUTINOUS BAVARIA

BAVARIA'S recalcitrant spirit toward the German Republic, of which we have heard more than usual in the press of late, is but the final stage of a long development. It took all Bismarck's skill and tactful pressure and persuasion to bring the Kingdom into the Old Empire. The traditional antagonism between Bavaria and Prussia grew stronger during the closing period

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of the war; but when the Revolution came, the Wittelbachs had to go the same way as the Hohenzollerns, swept from their thrones by a flood of popular resentment at Germany's military failure. However, the Bavarian Kings had been for generations ambitious to excel in the works of peace, rather than in military adventures. They adorned their capital with beautiful buildings and art galleries, and other permanent things that outlast such transitory military glories as preoccupied the attention of Berlin. Therefore, monarchy was less discredited in Bavaria by the outcome of the war than it was in Prussia. But meanwhile, Bavaria's industrial development has multiplied the ties that bind her to the North. She depends on Prussia or Prussia's satellites for coal and for her access to world markets.

Therefore, a growing cleavage now manifests itself within Bavaria itself. The Monarchist group, around which secessionists of all complexions have rallied, is dominated by Conservative and Clerical influences, and plays upon the peasants' fear of Bolshevism for popular support. On the other hand, the industrial districts, with their new moneyed interests and their Socialist working classes, will hear nothing of disunion. These elements are particularly strong in Northern Bavaria, where they are completely in control of the situation. In the long run, the industrial and modernizing element seems likely to win, because its policies accord with the trend of economic as well as political development in Bavaria.

The last occasion of discord was the law enacted by the Reichstag, after Rathenau's assassination, for the defense of the Republic. This statute gave the Central Authorities far-reaching powers to suppress and punish agitation against the Government. These powers the Bavarian 'states-righters,' who are not republicans at best, interpreted as an encroachment upon their local prerogatives. A compromise has been effected under which the enforcement of the more important clauses of the law is to be left mainly to local officials, who remain in control of the political machinery at Munich. That city will therefore continue to be, as heretofore, a centre of reaction and militarism. None the less, the acquiescence of Bavaria in the law is generally interpreted as at least a short step forward toward solidifying republican institutions in Germany.

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ELECTRIFYING THE RUSSIANS

Ekonomitsheskaya Zhisn, July 23, contains a long article describing the electrification projects of the Soviet Government, which, the author says, are already advancing satisfactorily. 'In ten years from now Russia will look down upon America, and the antennæ of her huge electrical spider will radiate energy from the centre of the country to its remotest corners.' However, electrification is but one stage in a coming renaissance. It will inevitably affect even the biological structure of the people. It means 'the transformation of the Russian village into a Russian city.'

The psychology of the Russian people must be urbanized. It must be drilled and trained. Naturally meditative, prone to generalization, the mind of the nation must be taught to become observing, to distinguish one phenomenon from another, to cease philosophizing. Our people must become *limited empirics*. . . .

Electrification is the highest expression of technical progress. We shall have a Machine-State, and when this state becomes international, we shall have a Machine-Universe. But we must realize that man is the most perfect machine that exists. A new science will arise — Bio-Mechanics, or the science of the energy of the human

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mechanism. This will be an exact science, overturning all the beliefs and prejudices, no matter how sacred, for the sake of the greatest efficiency of the individual.

Thus does the writer cease to generalize and become a 'limited empiric.'

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A VOICE FROM VIENNA

THE editor takes the liberty to quote the following extract from a personal letter from an English friend in Vienna. It was not intended for publication, but it is from an unusually well-informed source and throws another ray of light upon to-day's moods and preoccupations in Austria.

We are all expecting 'the Crash' daily here. But few know quite what 'the Crash' means. The crucial factor of the situation is the Provinces. If there are disturbances in Vienna, the Provinces mean to declare their independence and appeal to their neighbors for protection, and possibly occupation. The trouble is, of course, which neighbors? Styria means to appeal to Italy. The possibilities of such a development in Italo-Yugoslav relations seem likely! In the North, the Czechs are doing everything they can to avoid being dragged into it. But the Hungarians are sure to do something wild in the Burgenland, and bring them in.

In short, by the time this letter reaches you a great deal of the Treaty Settlement of Central Europe may have gone into the melting pot. I shall not myself be sorry. Nothing can be *worse* than the present position.

Have you heard the following story, illustrating the social effects of depreciated currency?

A Vienna tradesman, who died during the war, left a million kronen between his two sons. The first of these was virtuous. He put his 500,000 kronen into the State Savings Bank, and lived comfortably on the interest — down to the collapse. Now his capital is worth about $15, and the interest about 50 cents.

The second son was vicious. He squandered all his 500,000 kronen on drink. But he kept the empty bottles. And he sold them last week for 8,000,000 kronen!

Thus does depreciation of currency reward Vice and punish Virtue!

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THE YUGOSLAV LOAN

THE American loan to Yugoslavia, reported in the European press to be 100 million dollars, is a subject of some lively discussion abroad, especially in the borrowing country. There has been much objection to the guaranties that 'the United States has insisted upon.' The Serbs and their associate citizens argue that their currency situation is sound, no addition having been made to the paper circulation for more than a year. The harvests are excellent, and business is booming. There has never been an era of such active building in the history of the country. Parliament accepted the loan by a majority of 160 to 10, but the Croat deputies refused to vote. Their abstention, according to *Journal de Genève*, 'creates a state of uncertainty that may produce grave consequences.' However, this action was not due to objections to the loan itself, so much as to a desire to protest against the centralizing tendencies of the Serbs.

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THE REAL TSARITSA

[*The letters of the late Tsaritsa, found in a black wooden chest at Ekaterinburg after the murder of the imperial family, are about to be printed by the Russian publishing firm, Slovo, in Berlin. The collection embraces altogether four hundred letters, beginning in April* 1914, *and ending on December* 17, 1916, *the date of the murder of Rasputin.*]

From the London *Times, August* 1, 2, 3
(Northcliffe Press)

An adoring wife, a tender mother, a self-sacrificing consoler of the wounded, a devoted, trustworthy friend, a woman possessing a heart responding with the deepest sentiments to all the suffering caused by the war — such appears the late Tsaritsa in her letters to her husband, Nicholas II of Russia.

And yet, parallel with all these noble, elevated qualities, and next to a true and deeply religious feeling, one hears the voice of a woman suffering from delusions, who has an adoration akin to worship for the almost illiterate Rasputin, whom she refers to as 'God's man,' 'the envoy of God,' and 'He.' This has an important influence upon her whole outlook.

This feeling is not concealed from her husband; on the contrary, she undoubtedly saw in him a most devoted ally. But since Rasputin had so great an influence upon her, and since she in turn exercised so powerful an influence over her husband, it was indirectly Rasputin who thus virtually directed the Tsar's mind in matters of policy. But whatever has been said of her secret relations with Rasputin, by people ignorant of the true character of the Empress, must now be definitely discarded.

So, also, must be abandoned the legend of her betrayal of Russia. At the time when the war was raging, when popular passion soared high, a good deal of credence was given to these inventions. From this correspondence one may see that, if the ex-Empress occasionally received by roundabout ways news from her family, it was invariably in connection with the welfare of the wounded, or it was of an entirely personal nature.

The letters are all written in English, as this was the language in which the Emperor and Empress always conversed. The period her correspondence refers to may be too close to be seen in perspective and judged in a spirit of detachment, but the striking sincerity and honesty of these letters make them a most valuable contribution to the data to which the future historian of the dark period of Russian history will turn.

There are in the first volume (a second is to follow) one hundred and ninety-nine letters, for the most part very long and comprehensive. They are written in a rather colloquial style with a feminine wealth of dashes as punctuation, and they do not appear to have been edited in the sense of selection. The little endearments are left as they were found.

The Tsaritsa addresses her husband as 'My Sweet Treasure,' 'My Very Own One,' and sends him 'a thousand kisses.' Sometimes she signs herself 'Wifie,' 'Your own old wifie, Alice.' More often it is 'Sunny,' in abbreviation of her husband's pet name of 'Sunshine' for her. She refers to little

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events of cryptic meaning to anyone outside the family, and refers by initials to persons whom it is sometimes impossible to identify.

But through the correspondence there flows an undercurrent, illuminating many events of Russia's internal struggle that are still not clear, while some of the pen portraits of prominent personalities add greatly to our knowledge of the late Tsar's advisers. Most clearly, however, does the Tsaritsa illustrate herself. She wrote with freedom and an absence of any literary self-consciousness, and the result is a highly stippled self-portrait. She shows plainly that she is aware of her own character, and that it is stronger than that of her husband.

A thousand little touches depict her, powerful and proud, though superstitious, and exercising a far-reaching influence by her interference — there can be no other word — in public affairs. She frankly admits it. 'My influence is feared,' she writes in one place; 'Gregory' [Rasputin] 'has said so (not to me) and Voieikova, because they know I have a strong will and because I, better than others, can see through them and help you to be strong. They try to get round you when you are alone.'

The Tsaritsa frequently reminds her husband that he is an autocrat, and shows some anxiety that he does not always live up to the part. Evidently she realizes that he is weak, and would stiffen his backbone. 'I would like to make you self-reliant,' she says in one of the letters, the burden of which is 'Nicky, be an emperor!' There are many passages in this strain.

Similarly, she constantly exercises an influence over appointments. 'Deary, if a new Com. of the Nijegoroditzy is to be named, won't you propose Jagmin? I meddle in things not concerning me, but it's only a hint and it's your own regiment, so you can order whom you wish there.' This is an example from many similar requests, occasionally made with almost masculine cynicism.

The letters were written in the worst years of the war, and they contain a mass of intimate detail. The Tsaritsa was well informed as to events. In addition to information given her from high quarters as to the broad progress of the war, she received letters from her royal relations in England. These she often copied into her own letters to the Tsar when he was away with his army. She writes: —

> This miserable war, when will it ever end? Wilhelm, I feel sure, must at times pass through hideous moments of despair when he grasps that it was he, and especially his anti-Russian set, which began the war, and is dragging his country into ruin. All those little States, for years they will continue suffering from the after-effects. . . . Only one thing I long, that our troops should behave exemplarily in every sense, and not rob and pillage — leaving that horror to the Prussian troops.

Of the figures that pass across the pages and that stand out, the foremost is Ania Virobova, the Tsaritsa's friend and confidante, to a great extent the link between the Tsaritsa and Rasputin. Many of the meetings of the two took place at Virobova's house Goremykin is another figure — 'the old man,' as the Tsaritsa calls him, who is wheedled or forced or tricked into doing things against his better judgment — at least, that is an impression of him gleaned from these letters.

But the central figure remains 'our friend,' Gregory Rasputin. The letters are full of his semimystic admonitions 'I always remember what our friend says, and how often we do not enough heed his words,' says the Tsaritsa in a characteristic letter on June 16, 1915

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He was so much against your going to the Headquarters because people get round you there and make you do things which would have been better not done — here the atmosphere in your house is a healthier one and you would see things more readily — if you would only come back quicker. I am not speaking because of selfish feeling, but that I am in a constant dread what one is concocting — you see I have absolutely no faith in N. [Grand Duke Nicholas] — know him to be far from clever, and, having gone against the man of God, his word can't be blessed nor his advice be good.

And at times she forwarded to her husband little homilies, worded in an exalted and mystical phraseology, that 'the man of God' had composed for her comfort. She is convinced that everyone who goes against the 'man of God' will be severely punished by God. The police protocol that was drafted as a consequence of Rasputin's debauches at the fashionable Café-Chantant Villarode does not shake her faith in him.

'They are only intrigues of enemies,' she says. She sends Nicholas a stick that Rasputin has touched. Once she succeeded in obtaining from Virobova the remainder of some wine which was sent by Rasputin as a gift for the birthday of Ania. She drinks of this wine, gives some to her children, and sends some to her husband with the express demand that he should drink it.

In her letters she also constantly refers to a comb which Rasputin has given the Emperor. She does not tire of reminding him that before every important conversation he should comb his hair with it, for she is convinced that if he does God's protection will be with him. Superstition dominates in almost all her letters. Rasputin's sayings and doings are to her the symbol of divine sanction. On the faithful carrying-out of his revelations the future of the dynasty and the future of Russia seem to her to depend.

With unwavering faith she communicates to the Emperor Gregory's advice on commencing an offensive near Riga. On November 15, 1915, she writes to the Tsar: —

Now, before I forget, I must give you a message from our friend [Rasputin], prompted by what he saw in the night. He begs you to order that we should advance near Riga; said it is necessary, otherwise the Germans will settle down so firmly through all the winter that it will cause endless bloodshed and trouble to make them move. Now, it will take them so aback that we shall succeed in making them retrace their steps — he says it is just now a most essential thing, and begs you seriously to order ours to advance; he says we can and we must, and I was to write to you at once.

And with the same deep faith she describes a visionary dream or transmits a message from a monk, like the following: —

On the day of Saint Tikhon, during the procession around the church in the village of Barabinsk, there suddenly appeared on the sky a cross, which was seen altogether for fifteen minutes, and just as the Holy Church was praying 'the cross of the Tsar is the support of the kingdom of believers.' I felicitate you on this vision, and believe that God sent this vision and sign in order to uphold visibly with belief his devoted ones. I pray for all of you. . . .

To the message she adds: 'God grant that this be a good sign; crosses are not always.' She sees in every step conspiracies against the Emperor, and she considers it her duty to expose his enemies. She suspects the Ministers. A little later she accuses the Synod.

The greatest consolation the Tsaritsa had was in church. Despite her illness, her enlarged heart, her splitting headaches, despite her hard work, too, in the Tsarskoe Selo hospitals, she found the time to attend divine service frequently. Her happiest moments were spent with her family round her in church.

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A great deal of her time and heart, too, were devoted to her friendship with Ania Virobova, whose influence over her was undoubtedly only next to that of Rasputin. There is hardly a letter in which 'Ania' is not mentioned. She complains of 'Ania's irritability, her egoism, her exigencies, jealousy, and touchiness,' yet she does not tire of reminding the Emperor to send her some mark of attention, either a present or a telegram.

Everything the Empress undertook she put her heart into; everything she felt she felt strongly. There is no pettiness in this woman's soul. Even when she is wrong (and there is a marked undercurrent of mental perverseness in all her writings), she is honest, sincere, and wrong from no mean motive. She is conscious of her will power, believes firmly that her views are just, and mostly gently, but with great persistence, puts pressure on the Emperor.

Great as may be the influence of Rasputin and Virobova, the central figure in her life, the being closest to her heart, was undoubtedly Nicholas. He was the head of the small family she loved. He, after more than twenty years of married life, was still her lover. Russia, the people, she loved too, but Russia was a large estate of his; the troops, the people, were his children, his servants. She writes to the Emperor on September 6, 1916: —

Beloved Nicky dear, every morning and evening I bless and then kiss your pillow, and then one of your images. I always bless you while you sleep, and get up to draw open the curtains. Wifie sleeps all alone down here, and the wind is howling melancholy to-night. How lonely you must feel, wee one. Are your rooms at least not too hideous? All day I impatiently await your dear telegram, which either comes during dinner or toward eleven.

So many yellow and copper leaves! And alas, also, many are beginning to fall — for autumn is already set in. The wounded feel melancholy. They can sit out but rarely, and their limbs ache with this damp. They almost all have become barometers! We are sending them out as quickly as possible to the Crimea. Ania dined with us yesterday upstairs. To-day is Isa's birthday, so I have invited her, with Ania, to lunch. Oh, beloved — two weeks you've left — me loves you so intensely, and I long to hold you in my arms and cover your sweet face with kisses, and gaze into your beautiful eyes — now you cannot prevent me from writing it, you bad boy. When will some of our dear troops have that joy? Won't it be a recompense to see you?

It seems Aunt Olga, before coming to me, had flown half-wild to Paul, saying the revolution has begun, there will be bloodshed, we shall be all got rid of, and Paul must fly to Goremykin — poor soul! To me she was quieter, and left quite calm. She and Madra probably got a fright; the atmosphere spread there, too, from Petrograd.

Old man [Goremykin] came to me — so hard for him — Ministers so rotten to him. Sazonov is the worst. Cries and excites all (when it has nothing to do with him), does not come to the Council of Ministers, which is an unheard-of thing. I call it a 'strike' of the Ministers. Then they go and speak of everything which is spoken of in disgust in the Council that they have no right to. You ought to wire to the old man that you forbid the talking outside what is spoken of at the Council of Ministers.

And this on September 7: —

Cold, windy, and rainy — may it scale the roads. I have already read through the papers — nothing written that we left Vilna. Again very mixed success, by luck, and it cannot be otherwise; and one rejoices for the smallest success. It does not seem to me that the Germans will venture much farther; it will be great folly to enter more deeply into the country — as later our turn will come. Are the munitions, shells, and rifles coming in well? Your poor head must be awfully tired with all this work, and especially the internal questions.

Then, to recapitulate what the old man said: to think of a new Minister of the Interior (but I told him that you had not yet fixed upon Neidhardt; perhaps when you

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return you can think once more about Khovostov), a successor to Sazonov, whom he finds quite impossible. But certainly not the Minister who answers before the Duma, as they want — we are not ripe for it, and it would be Russia's ruin. We are not a constitutional country, and dare not be. Our people are not educated for it, and, thank God, our Emperor is an autocrat. You must stick to this as you do, only you must show more power and decision. I should have cleared out Samarin and Krivoshein; the latter displeases the old man greatly.

Goremykin hopes you won't receive Rodzianko (could one but get another instead of him, an energetic good man in his place would keep the Duma in order). Poor old man came to me as a *soutien*, and because he says I am *l'énergie*. To my mind, much better clear out Ministers who 'strike,' and not change the President who, with decent energetic coöperation, can still serve perfectly well. He only lives to serve you and your country, and knows his days are counted, and fears not death by age, or by knife, or by shot — God will protect him, and the Holy Virgin.

Our friend [Rasputin] wanted to wire to him an encouraging telegram. Markozov — No, I must finish Goremykin. He begs you to think of somebody for Moscow and, besides, get Mrozovsky to go quicker, as sessions become too noisy in Moscow, and therefore an eye and voice of the Minister of the Interior ought to be there; and one has the right to, as Moscow is under the Minister of the Interior. Neratov he finds no good to replace Sazonov. He says he never served out of Russia, and that is not convenient. But where to get the men? We had enough of Isvolskii, and he is not a very sure man. Girs is not worth much; Benk [probably Benkendorf], the name already against him. Where are the men? I always say. I simply cannot grasp how in such a big country we never can find suitable people.

And then on September 8, 1915: —

Am so anxious what news — it 's 10.30, and I do not know what is going on, as I never get the telegrams as before, when you were at the Headquarters. Dear one, it is so difficult when there are things I must tell you directly, and I do not know whether anybody reads our telegrams. Again I have had to wire — an unpleasant thing to you, but there was no time to lose. I have asked Her as well as she can to write out Suslik's conversation in the Synod. Really, the little man has behaved with marvelous energy, standing up for us and our friends, and gives back slapping answers to their questions. Though the Metropolitan is very displeased with Samarin, yet on this interrogation he was feeble, and held his tongue. Alas, for one to clear Varnava out and put Hermogen in his place; have you heard such an impudent? They dare not do it without your sanction, as by your order he was punished. It 's once more Nicholas's doing. . . .

Varnava told Goremykin all about the Governor — how nice he was to Gregory until he came here and got horrid orders from Stcherbatov. About me, he said to Suslik, 'A foolish woman,' and about Ania abominable things that he could not even repeat. Goremykin says he must at once be changed. Look through the letters of about five years ago. There I named one our friend [Rasputin] would have liked to have, only all this must be done quickly. The effect is all the greater.

The further correspondence of the Tsaritsa is not at present available in the original English text. There is thus a gap to be bridged between the period after the death of Rasputin and the arrival of the Tsar and Tsaritsa from Tobolsk at Ekaterinburg, where, as prisoners of the Bolsheviki, they spent six weeks under close surveillance before they were brutally done to death and their bodies burned in the forest of Kaptiataki.

During this terrible interval the Tsaritsa kept a little diary, in which she entered day by day the events of their circumscribed lives. This diary has come to light with the letters, and will be published in Berlin, together with a further selection of letters, by Messrs. Ullstein, the proprietors of the *Vossische*

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Zeitung. The Tsar, Tsaritsa, and the Grand Duchess Marie, accompanied by a small suite, were sent on to Ekaterinburg on April 30 (Western date) by the Soviet Government of Ural, and were placed under a strong guard in the house of a merchant named Ipatieff. With their arrival the diary begins.

The entries show that the prisoners were very closely confined. The spring had begun, the days were at first fine and warm, and the Tsaritsa records with some relief that at last they are allowed to go into the garden for half an hour twice a day. The promise is not always adhered to, however; there are several entries that 'to-day we were forbidden to go.' A man came and painted their windows white from the outside; later the windows were boarded halfway up, afterward wooden stays were placed across, and finally iron bars were substituted. Only one window was allowed to be open, and this, too, was closely barred. 'They always seem to fear we are going to climb out or communicate with the guard.'

The time during their imprisonment evidently hung heavily on their hands. Sometimes entries are made in the diary hour by hour, and the smallest event recorded as though for the sake of something to do. Sometimes the Tsar read to them from the New Testament, or one of the others read to the Tsaritsa a chapter from one of the Minor Prophets (the books of Daniel and Obadiah seem to have contained her favorite passages), while the rest went into the garden.

At times they played patience or bezique. There was no electric light, and they played cards by the light of three candles stuck in bottles. The heat occasionally made the room abominably stuffy, and the whole place was pervaded with the smell of cooking. The food was evidently very bad, and its arrival very uncertain.

On May 13 the Tsaritsa records that she cut the Tsar's hair for the first time in her life. On June 7 she was able to have a bath, but the water had to be brought up from the kitchen. She writes down these discomforts as cold facts, and there is not a word of complaint about them. But she notes with bitterness that she is refused the solace of her religion, and is overjoyed when, at last, an old archpriest is allowed to say Mass, the first for three weeks, quite simply at the dining-room table, which is decorated with sprays of birch and their own sacred pictures.

On May 10 the Tsarevitch arrived with four maids, and the Tsaritsa's worst anxiety was allayed, though she continued to wonder when the others, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, would come. They subsequently arrived.

The spring was fickle; a heavy fall of snow occurred on that day (May 10), and the cold was intense. The Tsaritsa's hands were soon full of trouble. She had given 'Baby' (the Tsarevitch) the Grand Duchess Maria's bed, and in getting into it he had slipped and severely injured his knee. He apparently suffered great pain: his mother spent much of the night watching him and treating his injury with cold-water compresses. The next day Vladimir Nikolaievitch (Dr. Drevenko) came to attend him. The Tsaritsa tried to have some conversation with him, but Abdieff, the Soviet Commissioner, in whose charge they were, would not suffer them to exchange a single word.

The Tsarevitch's injury became worse, and his knee had to be encased in plaster of Paris. He was taken into the garden in a wheeled chair. Meanwhile, the monotonous round of their daily life continued. The ladies sewed, the Tsar read to them and occasionally sat in the garden.

Festivals came and went uncele-

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brated. 'To-day is my real birthday,' she writes on May 24; 'the festival day of my own Lancers,' on May 31. On the afternoon of that day, Abdieff entered the room suddenly and ordered them to pack, as they might have to leave at any moment. They spent the rest of the day in packing, but at midnight Abdieff reappeared and informed them they would not be leaving for some days; and next day he told them that they were not to leave at all, but to remain where they were.

They dropped back into the old monotony of their circumscribed surroundings. The sprightliness which had crept into the entries of the diary at the prospect of the change disappeared. The petty entries recur.

There is no note of apprehension in any of the entries. The guards are ordered to keep the closest watch on the windows. There are frequent visitations by the Commissioner and Commandant, but no conclusions are drawn from these events. For the first time (on June 15) the Tsaritsa makes a note of her own illness. She is evidently suffering from an old heart-trouble, and betrays irritability, due to want of sleep. On the following day she is told, to her great sorrow, that there can be no more religious services. Abdieff has been replaced, and a new Commandant installed, with an assistant who seems a decent man, whereas the other is coarse and unpleasant.

She expresses no surprise when they make an inventory of all their jewelry and take it away from them. They left her two bracelets, given her by Uncle Leopold, which they could not remove, and each of the children a bracelet their parents had given them. The engagement ring which the Tsar had given her they left also, as it could not be got off her finger. They sealed up the jewelry in a box, and took all the keys of the luggage in the loft.

The Tsaritsa retired after the perquisition was over. She was exhausted, she writes, and her heart pained her badly. The dull life went on. It was sunny; Anastasia sat with her mother; the others went out after tea; she played cards with 'Baby.' The Commandant, whose name they discovered to be Yurovsky, returned the Tsar his stolen wrist-watch, which had been found in the servants' room. Vladimir Nikolaevitch did not come any more.

'Baby' was getting too heavy for the others to carry, and their captors would not let Nagorni (his nurse) come to them. She massaged his knee and he limped about a little. Next day the Tsaritsa was herself so ill that she had to remain in bed. Anastasia stayed by her. Sometimes they heard troops go by, and once in the night they heard revolver shooting. The Tsaritsa spent most of her time in bed, reading the Bible or pious books.

There comes the entry on July 3. It was a gray morning, which brightened to pleasant sunshine later. 'Baby' had caught a slight cold. All of them went out for half an hour in the morning. The Tsaritsa and Olga arranged their medicaments; Tatiana read to them out of the Bible. They went out — Tatiana remained with her mother, and they read a passage from the Prophet. They sewed. Every day, she notes, the Commandant came into their room. Supper. Suddenly Levka Sednieff (an attendant) was fetched away, having permission to see his uncle, and went off. They wondered if it were true, and whether they would ever see the lad again. 'Playing bezique with Nicholas. Half-past ten, to bed.'

It is the end of the diary. Soon after midnight Yurovsky, Nikulin, and the guards forced their way in and ordered them to follow. They went out to their fate, the particulars of which we know.

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AN HISTORIAN'S FORECAST

BY KONRAD FALKE

[*We print below a review of Oswald Spengler's* Welthistorische Perspektiven (*World History Perspectives*), *which constitutes a second volume or sequel to his* Untergang des Abendlandes. *The former volume is generally regarded as the most notable contribution to the philosophy of history made during the last decade. It was reviewed under the title, 'The Death of Civilization,' in the* Living Age *of July* 31, 1921.]

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, July* 23
(Swiss Liberal-Republican Daily)

This new volume will doubtless revive the controversy excited by Oswald Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes*. The passionate aversion which the word *Untergang*, with its message of decay and ruin, aroused in many readers and thinkers, will be replaced, perhaps, by curiosity as to what the author prophesies in this brilliantly written work. Spengler's great merit consists in having pointed out that a vital principle animates and determines every civilization; in showing that our civilization will run its course, regardless of what we do or what we think; and in teaching us to recognize the point in our particular cultural evolution that we have reached at the present moment.

The reaction from materialism, now in full swing, is symbolized by the fact that this great pioneer thinker does not work with the microscope in his hand, but rather uses his spiritual eye as a lens to study the features of mighty vital processes, whose duration is measured not by years but by centuries, and whose embodiment is in civilizations. The differences between these civilizations are due to the varying fundamental attitudes toward the world of the races that are their bearers. Basic mental concepts give a distinctive character to all the acts and opinions of the nations to which they are common. They constitute a collective force of the first order, so powerful that they, so to speak, inform and create the peoples by whom they are held. However, all civilizations have this in common: they pass through the same stages of evolution, just as every year has its spring, summer, autumn, and winter, no matter how different it may otherwise be from every other year. This common quality, Spengler believes, makes it possible to speak of two historical episodes, occurring in different civilizations, as simultaneous, and to refer to the men identified with these events as contemporaries, although in our everyday chronology they may be separated by a thousand years.

For Europeans three civilizations are supremely important, because they have all exercised a determining influence upon our evolution: these are ancient or 'Apollonian' culture, with its instinct for physical beauty and development; Arabian or 'Magian' culture, with its all-pervading fatalism; and the Western or 'Faustian' culture, with its ever-present consciousness of infinite progress. Each of these three cultures is the offspring of its predecessor, and at first used the traditional forms of the preceding culture to express imperfectly its own spirit. Only gradually did it find its native tongue.

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This is luminously illustrated in religious changes. The countless local deities of the ancient heathen world were gradually dethroned by Christianity during the Magian era, and a single, all-present Godhead substituted for them. The 'faithful' were conceived as a supernation, independent of local ties and limitations. Then came the Faustian era, which revolted against passive submission to the Godhead as preached by Islam, substituted an active and positive attitude toward life for the fatalism of the former era, and paid growing homage to the individual will. Finally, in the period of the Reformation, the new spirit of individual self-assertion won a definite victory over the old ideal of passive obedience to God and fatalist trust in Providence. This introduced an epoch of great discoveries and inventions, during which the intellect, liberated from religious inhibitions, employed itself with intense zeal and passion in mastering the material world, until it created the environment in which we live to-day.

This way of regarding different civilizations — as never coming to rest in any traditional form, but as ever seeking to rejustify themselves and readily responding whenever a new spirit animates them and a new world-conception seeks to express itself through them — should be most fruitful. But it is another question whether the undeviating line of development through which civilizations have hitherto passed, beginning with the peasant's cabin and religious myth and ending in the world metropolis and soulless mechanical progress, predicts unconditionally the course of mankind's future evolution. Are we to have an eternal succession of primitive nations, emerging from the dawn of their history, succeeded by 'civilized' nations in the strictest sense, who are making history, and followed in turn by what Spengler calls 'fellah' nations that no longer have a history, but are merely plastic clay in the hands of imperial despots fighting for the mastery of the world? Is the sword to remain for all time the ultimate arbiter of cultural values?

Very significantly Spengler, in spite of the extraordinary intellectual power he displays in his keen psychological analysis of civilization, is inclined to disparage the intellect as a determining force in history. He looks upon the political annals of states as the only realities; he sees vital processes at work only where people are either the hammer or the anvil. For him abstract truths dissociated with time and place have only a shadowy existence. Indeed, the remarkable popularity of Spengler's works in Germany is probably due to the strong political undercurrent that runs through them. Before and during the war he imagined that Germany would play a leading rôle in what he interpreted as the final epoch of Western civilization; and in his present volume he seems still to consider that Germany is but temporarily relegated to a secondary part.

Spengler considers our great metropolises as mills, slowly grinding the self-assertive freemen, who were the founders of our liberties, into an unindividualized proletariat, ready to be kneaded like flour by a despot's hands into any desired form.

This, in his opinion, is the final stage of every civilization. Not only are great cities immense consumption-centres, drawing to themselves whatever physical wealth the surrounding country produces, but their spirit also draws to itself and absorbs the best that the land produces of mind and intellect and personal independence, uprooting these qualities from their sturdy native soil and leaving the country destitute of the virtues they nourish. As political institutions, as great power-houses in the

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social mechanism, Spengler admires the great urban centres of our time, but he deplores their ethical influence upon the race. They tend to make right subservient to might.

> In our great cities there grows up, by the side of a small minority which has a history and consciously incorporates the traditions of the nation, another element consisting of people possessing no ties with their land and its history — people who interpret the world by pure reason and not by sentiment or race-consciousness, for whom the idea of nationality has no rational justification. At heart they are no longer a part of their own country and people. For civilized nations are manifestations of true vital forces, while these cosmopolitan aggregations are mere fortuitous concourses of 'intelligences.'

Mere cosmopolitans are filled with hatred of human destiny, and above all, of historical forces as makers of that destiny. Cosmopolitanism is unrealism and remains mere unrealism. People who conceive themselves citizens of the world and grow enthusiastic over world peace and international reconcilation are spiritual leaders of the fellah age. 'Bread and the circus' is merely another formula for pacificism. However widely specific examples may differ, they are all alike in subordinating the spontaneous instinct of the race that expresses itself in the maxim, 'My country right or wrong,' to the theories of passionless civic emasculates, who base their acts and opinions upon cold logic in a world of warm-blooded realities. Such doctrines naturally find their champions among bookish men, who would substitute the rational for the real, abstract justice for the imperative commands of history, and pure reason for destiny. This tendency first reveals itself in the congenitally timid, who gladly withdraw from the stern battle of life to the cloister, the student's chamber, or the intellectual community; and in every civilization it finds its ultimate expression in the apostles of world peace. These men hold a high place in the history of the intellect, but a negligible place in the annals of real affairs.

We feel no surprise, then, at discovering that not only the League of Nations, but the very idea on which it is based, evokes from Spengler nothing but contemptuous laughter.

> All world-reformers and 'citizens of the world' stand for fellah ideals, whether they know it or not. Their success would mean the abdication of the nation as an historical force, not in favor of eternal peace, but in favor of other peoples of more virile stock. World peace is invariably a one-sided project; for world peace means that a great majority reject war, but at the same time tacitly, though it may be unconsciously, declare their readiness to become the slaves and servants of those who do not make that renunciation. . . . World history is world judgment. She has invariably awarded success to the most powerful, the most competent, the most clearly conscious of their rights and objects. She has awarded such races survival and supremacy, whether their conduct was ideally right or not. She has invariably subordinated truth and justice to power, and has condemned individuals and nations to destruction whenever they preferred ideal truth to resolute action, or set abstract justice above the power to work their will.

This is pan-German *Realpolitik* of the purest dye, arrived at after a notably unbiased presentation of both theories of world conduct — the theory of practical reality and the theory of abstract right. Spengler here proclaims a policy that would not shrink a moment from again violating Belgian neutrality — a policy that to-day steels the hand of Rathenau's assassins and their countless moral backers.

A person may misunderstand Spengler, or he may understand him and revile him; but he cannot understand him and refute him. It is possible, to be

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sure, to supplement his teaching, by pointing out that what he describes as immutable laws governing the growth of every civilization may not forever remain immutable. Our Western or 'Faustian' culture, precisely because it recognizes no limits to infinite progress, is bringing the whole world under its sway, and is preparing the way for a revolution in material and spiritual values. It has created novel conditions that have never hitherto existed in history.

World-wide intercourse is an actual fact to-day, and we can hardly speak of the decline of a civilization that is common to all mankind. World leadership may pass from Europe to America, as it once passed from Asia to Europe; but the moment when a world consciousness arises in the minds of men, our own local and national cultures are doomed, no matter how sedulously we may cultivate them in our little corners of the world. Where is the new civilization to come from, which is to supplant our decadent Western civilization, as 'Magian' culture supplanted that of the ancient world, and our modern Western culture displaced its Arab predecessor? Spengler has not found an answer, nor can he; for the source of such a culture no longer exists.

Possibly Spengler would cite in reply to this the parallel that he draws between the history of European culture and that of Russian culture. In the same way that Western civilization imposed itself upon the Roman Empire, so may a new Slavic culture impose itself upon Modern Europe. But even were we to admit this, and to agree that a new civilization may arise in young and virgin Russia, this does not prove that it really will arise. There is no present prospect that Russia can reconstruct herself from within. If she seeks aid from Western Europe, it means merely the extension of Western European ideals and canons of thought to all parts of Russia, and the sweeping-away of the last possible boundary to our Faustian civilization.

When all the human inhabitants of the globe are civilized — and this is only a question of time — we shall have a new epoch in history, and the distinctions upon which Spengler lays stress, between primitive peoples and civilized peoples, and civilized peoples and fellah peoples, will no longer exist. The new era will be as different from the era of competing civilizations as that era was from those primitive days when men roamed over the face of the earth in company with savage beasts and left no records behind them.

Spengler underestimates the influence of the Faustian culture that he has so brilliantly defined. He has failed to comprehend fully, although he has not entirely overlooked, the fact that our present civilization is the first civilization to bring the whole world under its sway; that the cosmopolitan city spirit will never again vanish entirely from the globe, and that, consequently, the rise of new local civilizations, which require a certain isolation and shelter from disturbing outside influences during their early development, has become henceforth impossible. Our present civilization has attained something that all previous cultures merely aspired for a moment to attain — a state of progress where it transcends the fortunes of any single race or group of nations, becoming the moral servant of the highest cosmopolitan ideals of all mankind, and not of any single race or caste.

Spengler approaches facts so reverentially that he cannot fail to give its due to this undeniable phenomenon which characterizes what we call European civilization. Spengler describes in detail how this civilization is the complex of many predecessors; how much it

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owes to its inheritance from them; but this does not affect the further fact that our present civilization has existed for two thousand years, and has maintained throughout that period a spiritual tradition which makes it the transitional stage between the preceding regional and racial civilizations, whose ethical codes did not extend beyond their own tribes, and the coming civilization, which it logically assumes as its aim and destiny. Our present civilization has crystallized around the doctrine of Christ, who taught that we must love our neighbor as ourselves, and who thereby proclaimed a principle that must eventually revolutionize the attitude of men toward all the members of their race. But a premonition of this ideal appears far back in ancient Grecian culture, when a peaceful democracy seemed to have established itself in the cities of Ionia; only, however, to fall back again into the old barbarity of internecine war. It reappeared during the Middle Ages, when absolutism in State and Church attempted to assert its supremacy over the ideals of abstract justice. The protest of the Christian spirit against such duress gave its vital impulse to our new progressive civilization, that has now endured long enough to set up its ideals as an enduring standard for all mankind. To be sure, we may pause here to ask whether our present democratic evolution will forge the countries of the world into a real league of nations, or will merely convert their citizens again into fellah peoples, plastic in the hands of strong-willed rulers, and thus justify Spengler's scornful sentence: 'Once they bled for themselves; now they bleed for others — and generally merely for their entertainment.'

The theory that our European civilization, struggling as it is with successive crises of reaction, is nevertheless in a transitional stage between the old monarchic and the coming democratic culture — or, to state it less politically, between an egocentric conception of power and justice, and a conception based upon the dictum that we must love our neighbors as ourselves — is excellently developed in Meray's *Welt-mutation*. Meray is a Socialist, and his work is an excellent antidote for Spengler, who regards the world from the standpoint of a professed Monarchist, and makes no secret of his bias. Meray's philosophy of history is diametrically opposite to that of Spengler. For him Nietzsche's dictum that the spirit is 'steam' is true; but precisely for the reason that when it is compressed it works like steam. In the current debate upon the future of our civilization this work should not be neglected, though popularity has not smiled upon its author, as it has upon the prophet of Europe's 'Decline and Fall.'

Just as certainly as our race passed through a primitive stage of evolution, when there was no civilization or culture, when the mind meant comparatively little in the scheme of things, will there come a later period in our progress, when primitive sentiments of kinship will no longer play the part they do at present in the social life of men and nations, but will subordinate themselves to human reason. This later stage of evolution will arrive when men wage war, not against each other, but against the common enemies of mankind. War will then no longer be a useless sport, like the last one, equally disastrous for the winners and the losers. When the mind rules, then not only individuals but nations will cease to multiply thoughtlessly, and we shall have a humanity that lives no longer by its animal instincts, but by the light of reason.

Spengler is right in regarding the cosmopolitanism of to-day as the cause of the physical, political, and intellectual

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barrenness of civilized man. But our race is emerging from the obscure gropings of untaught nature, and advancing toward a stage where reason rules a daily increasing number of its acts and impulses.

Since Chamberlain published his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, no writer in a similar field has commanded such attention as Spengler. Both works are milestones on the road by which German nationalism developed into imperialism. Spengler's *Decline and Fall of Western Civilization* is no Jeremiad, as the title might suggest, but the child of a mind of tireless energy and vigor. It presents a worked-out philosophy of history and human destiny, supported by a marvelous structure of evidence and logic, and permeated with courageous devotion to the truth. Such a work cannot fail to produce a profound impression. It comes to readers like a lantern that no one of them could have lighted for himself; and yet, once in their hands, it can never be extinguished. Spengler's book is one of those works of genius that a century lays but once or twice on our table.

THE STATE OF IRELAND AND THE REMEDY

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

[*The Editor of* Foreign Affairs *introduces this article with the following statement: 'In the welter to which Ireland is reduced, the English and Scotch friends of that unhappy land turn to one of the very few Irishmen who stand* au dessus de la mêlée, *and from whom a clear and impartial judgment may be sought.'*]

From *Foreign Affairs, August*
(LIBERAL-PACIFIST MONTHLY)

I PROPOSE to deal in this article with three main points. First, the actual situation in Ireland as seen with my own eyes and by those whose uncensored reports I can trust. Second, my personal view of the possible outcome of the impasse. Third, the way in which all men of good-will and influence can help toward a settlement. I will discuss each point in turn.

There is a factor of paramount importance which constitutes in some respects the keynote of the situation and which is little understood outside Ireland. Of recent years a number of young Irishmen, which may be estimated at between 15,000 and 20,000, who in the ordinary way — to the extent at least of some two thirds of the total — would have left Ireland to seek careers all over the world, mostly in the United States, have been kept by events bottled-up in Ireland. Public opinion and, as I think, a mistaken British policy prevented their participation in the Great War. To Irish public opinion and to a mistaken British policy are also due their active resistance to British military coercion, by which it was sought to withold the promised conces-

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sion of Home Rule, and, since the Victory Election, to impose in lieu of Home Rule a British policy accepted by one fifth of the population but utterly repugnant to the other four fifths. Now try to look at the situation through the eyes of these young men, who amount perhaps to 100,000. Remember that your Prime Minister recognized a few of their leaders as authorized to speak for twenty-six Irish counties, because they and they alone could 'deliver the goods.' Such was the significant language of the statesmanship which installed militarism in Ireland, with disastrous political results. Have that picture in your mind.

With it in your mind, examine the present military situation. I anticipate that, with the enrollment of volunteers, the Free Staters will largely outnumber the Republicans. But suppose a Free State victory results. There will still be tens of thousands of young men who, should they give up their revolvers, would find no congenial means of livelihood in Ireland. They have now neither the will nor the opportunity to emigrate in large numbers. Can you expect them to wait patiently for a means of livelihood until their elders have dealt with the problems of reconstruction, in a country where commerce and industry — they have the best reason to know — are temporarily paralyzed? I doubt whether more than one tenth of them could be continued in a military or police career. To find occupation for the other nine tenths is the practical problem of Irish peace. Thus, you observe, the military aspect of this terrible situation has also its economic side.

Now for the political aspect.

In judging the reaction of the mass of the Irish people to the greatest of all British concessions to their national demand, you must also have a clearly defined picture in your mind — the picture which is in *their* mental vision. Remember that it was not to argument that your Government listened, nor to the constitutional expression of the people's will, when it granted that concession. It was to armed resistance. Hence many of these young men, whose situation I have described, not unnaturally imagine that they have successfully withstood the might of the British Empire. The historian may well conclude that the Coalition Government first acted on the Machiavellian principle that it is better to be feared than to be loved, and then discovered that they had succeeded only in getting themselves both hated and despised.

Whatever may be said of Irish military achievement, there is no doubt as to their political victory. You must remember, too, it is the common belief in Ireland that the so-called Irish Question has, ever since 1885, been a pawn in the British party game. From the time that the Irish Question kept the Unionist Party in power (with one short interruption) for twenty years, until the building-up of the Coalition after the Armistice, when it was necessary to satisfy a powerful Conservative leader who championed one fifth of the Irish people against the other four fifths — this belief had much justification.

I pass no judgment here upon British political parties. I merely wish to make it clear that there exists in the majority of the Irish people a sentiment toward Britain which makes it possible for the Republicans to act in opposition to the political wishes of the very large majority of Irishmen who are for the Treaty. Unfortunately there is in the Irish mind no distinction between the British people and the British Government, to modify this feeling. Can we expect it? If the British Government does not represent the wishes of the British people, where is democracy to be found?

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I pass to my second point — the possible outcome.

The solution of the problem must be found by the Irish in Ireland — with the minimum of interference by the British Government. Once more I ask you to consider the facts, not as you would wish them to be, but as they have been made — largely by your Government. The whole policy of the Coalition Government has enormously aggravated the political situation in Ireland by fostering militarism there. I hold now, as I have held ever since the Irish Parliamentary Party was destroyed by the witholding of Home Rule and the consequent insistence of the Republican demand, that there is absolutely only one way to Irish peace. That way — the direct opposite to the Coalition Government's way — is through the Unity and not the Partition of Ireland. As I have pointed out again and again, the partition of Ireland, dictated in the interests of one fifth of the Irish people, cannot endure in its present form.

Let me tell your readers why.

There can never be peace in the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, in that perennial cockpit Derry, in South Armagh or South Down, while the Six-County area is cut off from the rest of Ireland. Even in Belfast it is doubtful if the present lull is more than temporary. The evil arises from the total disregard of principle in the creation of 'Northern Ireland.' If there had to be partition — against which I emphatically and uselessly protested — there was something to be said for cutting off from the rest of Ireland the entire province of Ulster with its nine counties. There was a great deal more to be said for giving to all the counties self-determination. There is nothing to be said for 'taking six counties (two of which, Tyrone and Fermanagh, have substantial Roman Catholic majorities) and cutting them off, not only from the twenty-six counties of the prospective Free State, but from the three Catholic counties in their province as well. It is widely believed that this constitutional outrage (as it is considered in twenty-eight out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland) was perpetrated in order to dilute the industrial vote in the four semi-industrial counties (which would probably vote themselves into Northern Ireland) with the purely agricultural vote of Tyrone and Fermanagh (which would elect to throw in their lot with the Free State).

And this brings me to what men of good-will might do to help toward the only possible solution — Irish Unity.

The Anglo-Irish Treaty provides that the boundary between the two Irelands, which the Coalition are trying to place upon the post-war map of Europe, should be fixed by a commission of three persons: one appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one by the British Government. These three persons were to determine the boundary 'in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions.'

Now Sir James Craig has definitely declared that his Government will not appoint a commissioner, nor tolerate any tampering with the boundary. Thereupon the British Government, instead of insisting that the provisions of the Treaty — its own Treaty — shall be carried out, proposes to establish a neutral zone between the two Irelands, and to occupy that neutral zone with a British army!

This, it appears to me, is the biggest, and ought to be the final, blunder of British statesmanship in Ireland. No better service could be rendered both to the Empire and to Ireland than to concentrate public opinion upon this mani-

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fest breach of the Treaty, and to protest strenuously against it. If I am told that to prevent this breach of the Treaty would mean civil war in Ireland, I can only reply that you have civil war in Ireland already. The situation could not be worse, and England must do her part in mending it. For if ever one country was responsible for the political condition of another country, Britain has made herself responsible for the present chaos in Ireland. She cannot escape from it. She made herself responsible when she attempted to impose by military force a political Settlement, accepted under protest by one fifth of the Irish people, hateful to the other four fifths, and not welcomed by a single Irishman whose opinion counts. It is her plain and immediate duty to fulfill the terms of the existing Treaty between Great Britain and the Free State.

This involves the recognition that the chief vice of this policy is Partition. The main factor in a real settlement must be Irish Unity.

The suggestion I have given does not, of course, amount to a complete policy of Irish peace. This end might, in my judgment, be attained by bringing the pressure of public opinion to bear on both recognized Irish Governments, in whose hands it lies to bring order out of the chaos in Ireland. At the Armistice those who held the destinies of nations in their hands had the power to make of Ireland the most happily circumstanced country in Europe. Even now, her internal resources would permit of a rapid recovery if she could enter upon the paths of peace.

The British Government recognizes the necessity of helping the nascent Free State with all kinds of arms and war equipment. But the most potent weapon Britain could place in the hands of Collins and Griffiths would be the unity of Ireland. Why not call upon the Northern Government to say what measure of local autonomy and what guaranty in regard to fiscal policy will induce that one fifth of the Irish people to join now with the other four fifths in an All-Ireland Parliament, without which there will be no peace and no prosperity in any part of Ireland? The response from the majority would, I am convinced, astonish the world.

One other act of statesmanship on the part of the British Government would be necessary. The Treaty calls for the assumption by Ireland of a portion of the national debt. In her present condition she can meet no obligations in either the north or the south. I have shown the urgent need of finding occupation for the productive energies of large numbers of young men driven by circumstances into destructive activities. The Northern Government will also have a large police force to be similarly absorbed. Apart from the question of responsibility for Ireland's disastrous state, — very far worse than your papers know, or at any rate acknowledge, — Britain has a very real interest in the economic condition of a country which supplies no small part of her food and takes a corresponding amount of her manufactures.

The policy is clear. It includes generosity to both Irelands, but on the sole condition that they come together and work together. Can no statesman find the way to influence the Government thus to bring to fruition the long-postponed healing of the Irish sore?

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ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. IX

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *La Revue de France, August* 1
(French Radical Literary and Political Bimonthly)

In June 1914, two months before the war, I spent two weeks in Rome; and during my sojourn I met most of the Cabinet members, statesmen, diplomats, and journalists of distinction in that city. The Triple Alliance had been renewed late the previous year. The gentlemen I met invariably went out of their way to assure me that the Treaty contained no new clause to which France could take the slightest umbrage. Moreover, their attention was largely absorbed just then with Albania, which was in a state of turmoil, and where a clash of interests between Austria and Italy was evident to all.

A German princelet, William of Wied, had just been appointed by the Great Powers as ruler of that country; but hardly had he disembarked at Durazzo before he felt his throne shaking under him. If, as seemed more likely with every day that passed, someone must come to his rescue, who should it be? Austria and Italy? The Italians would not listen to such a suggestion. The mere idea of assisting Austria in such an enterprise made them furious. Italy's campaign in Tripoli had cost her heavily. She had been forced to employ there nearly one hundred thousand men, taken from her best home troops. This had disorganized her army, emptied her arsenals, and swept her treasury clean. The Cabinet was making its campaign upon a platform of heavy reductions in army and navy expenditures. All this made the prospect of a new military expedition, especially in concert with Austria, insupportable.

During my sojourn the situation in Albania kept growing worse. I witnessed the arrival of Essad Pasha, who had been violently expelled from the country at Austria's instigation, and was for that very reason welcomed in Italy like a conquering hero. My curiosity soon got the better of me. I decided to go and see for myself what was happening in Albania. A short railway trip from Rome to Brindisi and a night on the steamer found me, one fine morning, in Durazzo. This miserable collection of hovels, promoted to the dignity of a capital, is a semi-Oriental place, with the reminiscences of Venice so common everywhere along the Adriatic coast. A little villa in the suburbs had been converted into the palace of the sovereign. A beastly tavern, where three or four people had to sleep in the same room, sheltered as best it could the diplomatic corps. Only Italy and Austria had been able to find separate houses for their Legations. A number of Austrian and Italian cruisers were anchored in the harbor. Every afternoon the band of one of these vessels gave a concert before the 'Palace,' and the whole population, civil and military, invariably attended. Five minutes after my arrival I was introduced to our Minister, to the President of the Cabinet, and to all his colleagues. A short walk exhausted the sights of the capital.

The same evening I called at the Italian Legation, where I found the entire Staff, with a Minister at its head,

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in full dress ready to go to the Austrian Legation, where a dinner was to be served in their honor. Just as they were leaving, an officer rushed in to say, in a panting voice: 'They have murdered one of our men. The Austrians instigated it.' Immediately there was a grand row, with cries of rage and threats accompanied by many gestures. What should they do in the emergency? Should they, after all, sit down at the same table with the Austrian Minister? Messengers were dispatched in every direction for further details, but none were received. The hour of their engagement had already passed, before the Italians finally decided to accept the dinner invitation in spite of everything.

This was the atmosphere in Albania. An army of correspondents and special representatives telegraphed daily sensational reports that kept the Italians in a constant state of excitement and stimulated hostility to Austria.

During the month of July, 1914, when the ultimatum to Serbia was being concocted, the Vienna Cabinet intentionally neglected to inform its ally, Italy, of its proposed action. Austria's experience the previous year had taught her a lesson. When she wanted to attack Serbia, after the second Balkan war, Italy resolutely opposed her. It was certain she would do the same this time. Not only would she refuse to help Austria in her designs against Serbia, but she would balk her. In fact, Italy would at once inform England, France, and Russia of the whole matter, so that those Powers would have time to take joint action and nip in the bud Vienna's noxious plot against the peace of Europe.

Therefore, the Italian Government was kept in utter ignorance of what was coming. In view of this, the men in charge of affairs at Vienna and Berlin, unless they were incredible simpletons, could hardly have fancied that Italy would come to their aid. So, from the moment that war between Austria and Serbia was seen to be inevitable, Italy's neutrality was not in doubt. As early as July 26, 1914, two days after news of the ultimatum got out, M. Barrère, our Ambassador at Rome, telegraphed to his Government: —

The Marquis of San Giuliano, who is at Fiuggi, will not return to Rome until day after to-morrow. I had an interesting conversation with the Prime Minister to-day upon the situation. He recognizes it as exceedingly serious. I gathered from his general attitude the opinion that the Italian Government desires to keep out of any conflict that may arise, and will maintain an attitude of watchful waiting.

I knew personally the Marquis of San Giuliano, then at the head of the Foreign Office. He was a man of keen and sensitive intellect, a veteran diplomat, conversant with all the secrets of his profession. He was a shrewd Sicilian, full of memories and anecdotes that he was fond of relating with the greatest verve. His sympathies, like those of many South Italians, were rather pro-German, but he cordially detested Austria.

Called suddenly back from the health resort where he was taking his vacation, and furious at having been kept in ignorance of Austria's plan, his first care was to publish the fact that Italy, having known nothing of what was proposed, would not aid her allies. He took this position firmly and was backed solidly by his Cabinet. Immediately after his return from Fiuggi, July 27, he received our Ambassador, who telegraphed to Paris as follows: —

The Chief of the Foreign Office discussed with me the contents of the Austrian note, and solemnly assured me that he knew beforehand nothing of the matter. He was aware that Austria's memorandum would be severe and vigorous, but he had not the

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slightest intimation that it would take the form it has taken. I asked him if it was true that he had informed Vienna, as certain journals represented, of his approbation of Austria's action, and had assured her that Italy would fulfill her engagements as an ally. The Minister answered: 'By no means. We were not consulted; nothing was told us; consequently we have had no reason to make any communication of that character to Vienna.'

More than that, the Marquis of San Giuliano saw through the situation perfectly. He was convinced, as he said to our Ambassador, that Austria would not withdraw any of her demands, but would insist upon them even at the risk of starting a general conflagration. He doubted whether Germany would be inclined to back up her ally in this matter. His only hope was pinned to England's immediate and energetic intervention.

European opinion as a whole was decidedly hostile to Austria. The German Government was aware of this. It could not disregard the attitude of the Cabinet at Rome. Since Austria, upon Germany's advice and with her support, was determined to start a war, cost what it might, dictates of elementary prudence counseled her to prevent at all costs Italy's defection. On the fifteenth of July, Jagow, Secretary of State in the Foreign Office at Berlin, telegraphed to Tschirschky at Vienna. His dispatch said in substance that Italy, in view of the state of public opinion and the attitude of her Government, would probably refuse to join Austria in her present enterprise, and might even declare against that country. In virtue of existing understandings, Italy was entitled to compensation for any change in the Balkan situation that favored Austria. The Vienna Cabinet must immediately give this serious problem due consideration. Her vital interests bade her make every effort to prevent the alienation of Italy. Then Jagow added this very significant phrase: —

> As I have confidentially called to your attention, the only compensation that Italy would seriously consider would be the cession of Trent. That morsel would evidently be big enough to shut the mouths of the howlers against Austria.

That was certainly a wise dispatch. It proves that the German Government had an accurate and clear idea of the Italian situation. It puts the question at the outset precisely as it should be put, as it was actually put some months later, when Austria and Italy were dickering over compensations. But the frivolous and irresponsible statesmen at Vienna paid no attention to this admonition, while Berlin, having pointed out the danger and advised a way to avoid it, did not press the matter further. Tschirschky mentioned compensation to Berchtold, but the latter evaded the direct issue by explaining that Austria did not plan to annex permanently any Serb territory, and that Italy therefore had no title to any equivalent. He added: —

> I have no illusions as to the anti-Austrian and pro-Serb sentiments of San Giuliano and the Italians, but I am firmly convinced that Italy, in view of her military situation and disturbed internal politics, cannot dream of active intervention. M. de Mérey, our Ambassador at Rome, believes — and I consider his opinion well founded — that the Marquis of San Giuliano is trying to bluff Austria and protect himself against public opinion at Rome.

So, instead of forestalling possible danger and seeing the situation in its true light, Berchtold as usual preferred to feed himself with his own dreams. On July 24, Flotow, the German Ambassador at Rome, sent the following telegram to Berlin: —

> During an exciting interview of several hours with Prime Minister Salandra and the Marquis of San Giuliano, the latter said

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the spirit of the Triple Alliance required Austria to reach an agreement with her allies before she took an aggressive step of such tremendous possible consequences. Since Austria did nothing of the kind so far as Italy was concerned, Italy does not feel herself bound in any way by the results of her step. Furthermore, Article VII of the Triple Alliance provides that the signatory parties shall reach a preliminary agreement regarding any change contemplated in the Balkans, and that, if one of the parties obtains territories from the other party, she shall be properly compensated. I called attention to the fact that so far as I knew Austria had declared she did not propose to annex territory. The Minister replied that such a declaration had not been made, except subject to reservations. Austria had stated that she did not propose to make territorial acquisitions *at the present moment*, subject to the reservation that her decision might be changed by later developments. The Minister then added that he could not be blamed under the circumstances for taking necessary precautions while conditions were still propitious. The text of the Austrian note is so aggressive and maladroit, and public opinion in Italy and other European countries is so strongly anti-Austrian, that no Cabinet dares resist the popular feeling. My impression is that the only way to keep Italy in the Alliance is to promise her adequate compensation immediately, in case Austria proceeds to make territorial annexations.

At the end of this telegram William II appended the following note: 'All that is nothing but pure bluff, as they will discover in due course of events.'

The Kaiser's note shows with what arrogance and frivolity the most serious matters were handled; for Germany did not at the moment face a question more serious than that of Italy's probable place among the future belligerents. If the Berlin Cabinet desired to preserve the Triple Alliance, there was but one way to do so: force Austria to consent at once to very important concessions. If the game was worth while at all, it was worth what it cost. Since Germany was bound to encounter resistance from Austria in such a policy, she should from the outset have taken a vigorous and peremptory position in the matter.

Instead of that, the German Government was irresolute and pliant. It went no further than to give advice from time to time. As we shall see, it periodically brought up the subject of compensation, during the critical days that followed, but it never insisted upon action. On each occasion the Ministers and diplomats at Vienna managed to evade the issue. M. de Mérey, Ambassador of Austria-Hungary at Rome, had a fixed idea that the moment Austria showed a disposition to make concessions, Italy would become more exacting and greedy. He even complained because his Chief, Berchtold, had shown himself too accommodating in the matter.

Meanwhile acid-sweet conversations were going on between the chief members of the Italian Cabinet and the Ambassadors of Germany and Austria — acid-sweet, but rapidly growing more acid. Finally, what the English call 'hot words' were exchanged between them, without any result. For instance, the German Ambassador reported on July 25, to the Imperial Chancellor: 'Yesterday's interview with Salandra and the Marquis of San Giuliano led to a very lively altercation between the latter gentleman and myself.' But the Italians held inflexibly to their position that Austria's move against Serbia was aggressive, and therefore that the war was not for defense and did not constitute a casus fœderis. They based their case upon the famous Article VII of the Triple Alliance Treaty, an article so often cited that I will quote it in full: —

ART. VII. Austria-Hungary and Italy, being desirous solely that the territorial status quo in the near East be maintained

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as much as possible, pledge themselves to exert their influence to prevent all territorial modifications which may prove detrimental to one or the other of the Powers signatory to this treaty. To that end they shall communicate to one another all such information as may be suitable for their mutual enlightenment, concerning their own dispositions as well as those of other Powers.

Should, however, the status quo in the regions of the Balkans, or of the Turkish coasts and islands in the Adriatic and Ægean Seas, in the course of events become impossible, and should Austria-Hungary or Italy be placed under the necessity, either by the action of a third Power or otherwise, to modify that status quo by a temporary or permanent occupation on their part, such occupation shall take place only after a previous agreement has been made between the two Powers, based on the principle of reciprocal compensation for all advantages, territorial or otherwise, which either of them may obtain beyond the present status quo, a compensation which shall satisfy the legitimate interests and aspirations of both parties.

The German General Staff, feeling every day more certain that war was inevitable, and that a general conflict could not be avoided, began to appreciate the serious danger presented by the prospect that Italy might desert the Triple Alliance. The immediate advantage France would derive from Italy's neutrality, by being freed of concern regarding her southeastern frontier, was positive and definite; but the German war-lords were still more disturbed over the possibilities of tomorrow: if Italy once broke with Austria and Germany, she might easily seize the first opportunity deliberately to join their enemies. Consequently Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed Tschirschky at Vienna, July 26: —

The Chief of the General Staff considers it absolutely necessary that Italy remain a member of the Triple Alliance. Consequently an understanding between Vienna and Rome is imperative. Vienna must not evade the question by debatable interpretations of the Treaty, but take positive action, as the seriousness of the situation demands.

And the next day Jagow returned to the point: —

His Majesty the Kaiser considers it imperative that Austria shall reach an agreement betimes with Italy regarding Article VII and the matter of compensations. His Majesty has ordered me to communicate his instructions to your Excellency, and beg you to transmit them to Count Berchtold.

Events rushed on at headlong pace while the Italian Government was weighing its decision. No one doubted that Italy would at least remain neutral. Our Ambassador at Rome assured our Government of that from the first. His colleagues, the Ambassadors of Germany and Austria, were more reserved in their opinions. On July 31 the German Ambassador wrote to his Chief at Berlin: —

The Marquis of San Giuliano said to me that the Italian Government had examined the question thoroughly, and had been unable to change its opinion that Austria's action against Serbia was an aggression, and that, in consequence, the casus fœderis under the Triple Alliance Treaty did not apply. Therefore, he said, Italy would remain neutral.

Apart from this technical reason, there were other considerations to make this action imperative. The Marquis of San Giuliano did not fail to impress upon the Ambassadors of the Central Powers that the Italian people were so exasperated at Austria that no other course was possible. On the first of August, the Italian Foreign Minister said to Flotow: 'Were we to engage in a war so opposed to Italian interests in the Balkans, it might under certain circumstances destroy the Monarchy.' To this Flotow added: 'I found the Minister more pessimistic than

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ever as to compensations. He does not want Vallona in any case. All that Italy wishes in respect to Vallona is that it shall not fall into the hands of other parties.'

Austria's tactics from that time forward were to insist upon offering Italy compensations in Albania. The mere suggestion of this, however, made the Italians furious. They did not want Albania, which did not belong to Austria in any case, but the *irredenta*, that is, Trentino and Trieste. However, Austria, utterly unyielding in any matter that affected her self-esteem and prestige, and destitute of competent statesmen, could not bring herself to consider such a sacrifice; so no agreement appeared possible.

On the first of August the German Ambassador at Rome sent his Government the following telegram, which had the honor to be annotated by the Kaiser. The latter's notes are inserted in italics: —

ROME, *August* 1, 1914. In concert with the Ambassador of Austria I have again made energetic representations in favor of Italy's coöperation with her allies. The Marquis of San Giuliano replied that he had as yet received no reports from Vienna. (*Scoundrel! The King has not even answered me yet.*) He would make no promise, but stated that he was ready to submit the question again this very evening to the Cabinet. He repeatedly asserted that considerations of foreign policy and of domestic policy were solidly against his country's participating in the war. Both the Austrian Ambassador and I have the impression that everything here depends upon the attitude of England. The Marquis of San Giuliano has consistently asserted that Italy's coast and seaports cannot be left at the mercy of English cannon. (*So, then, if we don't respect the neutrality of Belgium, England attacks us and Italy deserts us; that 's the situation in two words!*) The Government is worried lest its troops in Libia be cut off from support. I have learned secretly from a gentleman in the confidence of the French Ambassador that he has said the Italian Government has taken steps to reach an understanding with the British Government. It is possible, notwithstanding the denial of the Marquis of San Giuliano, that negotiations with England are already in progress. (*So, our allies are likewise playing traitor to us!*)

The Kaiser's comments did not change the order of events, which followed their natural course with implacable logic. It was in vain that the German Government officially informed Italy on August 2 that French aviators had dropped bombs on Nuremburg. That lie did not change and could not in the slightest degree change the attitude of Italy. The fact that Germany's rulers imagined the Italians would let their actions be governed by such an absurd yarn merely reveals the naïve stupidity of these gentlemen.

On August 1 the Cabinet officially decided that Italy should remain neutral; and Flotow telegraphed this to Berlin the next day. That gentleman had had a lively but fruitless altercation with San Giuliano. Indeed, the Ambassadors of the Central Powers were apt to fall into a violent rage when they talked with Italy's Ministers. On August 3 Flotow says expressly in his telegram: 'Our argument with San Giuliano became so heated that it was prudent to terminate it.'

So Germany and Austria definitely lost their play. However, at the last moment William II decided to make a supreme effort. He intervened personally, sending hurriedly to Rome one of his aids-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel von Kleist. That gentleman carried to the King of Italy an autograph letter from the Kaiser, demanding the immediate mobilization of his army and navy, and the aid provided for in the Treaty. This royal messenger was received by the Italian King at nine

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o'clock on the morning of August 3. Immediately after his audience, he sent the Kaiser the following despairing telegram: —

The King told me that personally he deeply sympathized with us, and that a few weeks earlier he could not have doubted that in case of war Italy would loyally lend aid to her allies. But the incredible maladroitness of Austria had outraged the susceptibilities of the Italian people, and had of late so irritated public opinion against that country, that active coöperation with her would unchain a tempest. The Cabinet could not run the risk of an insurrection. He, the King, unhappily had not absolute power. He could only exert his personal influence. If he dismissed the present Cabinet, no other Cabinet would accept responsibility for the situation. All this is because up to the present Austria has not found it to her taste to make any definite promise as to the future — a promise that might possibly have swung about public opinion in Italy. Is such a thing still possible? That is very doubtful. Since the public does not distinguish between her allies, in view of Austria's persistent blunders it has unhappily become alienated also from Germany: a fact that causes the King great distress. He will still try to exert his influence upon the Cabinet and will inform me of the result.

Colonel von Kleist did not consider himself defeated. He returned to the charge. He saw the King again the following day. Then he sent to Berlin a telegram even more disconsolate than that of the day before. I quote it below, with the Kaiser's odd annotations: —

His Majesty the King received me this morning and said to me that, in spite of his repeated efforts the day before, the Cabinet insisted on its attitude of neutrality. Active support of her allies would at present be considered by the people as merely lending aid to Austria's projects of aggrandizement in the Balkans (*So our fight with France amounts to nothing. She would be fighting shoulder to shoulder with us and not shoulder to shoulder with Austria.*) because Austria up to the present has not definitely obligated herself to renounce such projects. The people constantly confuse Germany with Austria. (*If the Government does not try to prevent it, that is quite natural, but utterly foolish.*) Consequently, if the Government were to give active support even to Germany it would incur the risk of insurrection. (*That 's surely a lie.*) He, the King, must impress on me again that he was unhappily powerless, since the views of the Cabinet were shared by the majority in Parliament. Giolitti himself, friendly as he is to the Triple Alliance, chancing to come in at that moment, was of the opinion that a casus fœderis does not exist (*Ineffable scoundrel!*) but that the country needs quiet, and should remain neutral, since no obligation exists for it to give its active assistance. The Government desires to be prepared for any eventuality. Upon my suggesting that since the eventuality of assisting us was out of the question, this forces us to contemplate the possibility of an active menace against Austria, inasmuch as there is no other eventuality possible, the King said that one could never tell what a Parliamentary Government might do. For the present the King did not expect any positive move. (*So he is completely out of the game.*)

The King confirmed the fact that Italy would remain neutral, in an autograph letter to the Kaiser which he signed 'Your Brother and Ally, Vittorio-Emmanuele.' After the word 'Ally,' the Kaiser wrote in his own hand, *Impudence;* and in front of the name Vittorio-Emmanuele, he put *Scalawag.* These Imperial insults both gave their tone to and terminated this interchange of courtesies.

So Italy's neutrality was assured. That decision was a tremendous relief to the Allies, particularly to France. The Italian Government had had the energy and courage to take this grave step without a moment's hesitation. It was sustained by public opinion, the influence of which continued to grow during the months that followed,

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However, a diplomatic incident of such importance does not occur in so sudden and offhand a manner as might appear. It does not spring up overnight, so to speak, like a mushroom. It is the fruit of long previous preparation and cultivation. The truth is that Italy's neutrality and her subsequent intervention on the side of the Allies were but the logical culmination of long diplomatic preparations lasting for several years. So far as France was concerned these negotiations were entirely in the hands of M. Camille Barrère, our Ambassador at Rome.

That gentleman was transferred from Berne to the latter city in 1897. He has held his post there without interruption for twenty-five years, and this summer can celebrate his silver wedding with the Farnese Palace. When men criticize the Third Republic for its constant Cabinet crises and the kaleidoscopic rapidity with which its political leaders regroup and replace each other on the stage of public affairs, we must always bear in mind that no such instability characterizes our foreign service. Paul Cambon was our Ambassador at London for more than twenty years, and M. Barrère has been at Rome over twenty-five years.

When M. Barrère took possession of his new post, the relations between France and Italy were about as bad as they could be. Our controversy over Tunis and the termination of the commercial treaty between the two countries had embittered public opinion on both sides of the border. Austria and Germany kept a shrewd watch on their ally, and did their best to increase this friction. England's Mediterranean policy at that time was based upon pitting Italy against France. Consequently she had no interest in seeing good relations between the two Powers. The press of both countries kept printing rabid articles that added fuel to the fire.

Our new Ambassador — as he was at that time — believed that the first step toward bettering our relations should be based upon economic understandings. He speedily won the support of the Italian Minister of Finance to this policy. At length, after long and confidential negotiations, we woke up one fine morning to discover that a new treaty of commerce had been concluded between Paris and Rome.

Immediately the atmosphere improved. Diplomacy had a free field. Why might we not follow up our commercial understanding by a political understanding? The Italian Foreign Office was at that time presided over by men of broad views, who favored friendlier relations with our country, so a political agreement was largely a matter of detail. The respective spheres of influence of France and Italy in the Mediterranean and in North Africa were defined. The result was the Convention of 1902, which was the first step toward an even fuller understanding. These negotiations were conducted in profoundest secrecy. The Italian Foreign Minister, Marquis Visconti Venosta, did not let their existence be known even in his own office; every formula he submitted was drafted and written by his own hand.

London was the first to get wind of this rapprochement. It brought M. Barrère a curious little note from Sir Charles Dilke — at one time a member of Gladstone's Cabinet, and one of the shrewdest and best-informed of Englishmen in matters of European politics: 'The agreement that you have just made will oblige us radically to modify British policy in the Mediterranean.' And indeed it was not very long after this that the Entente Cordiale between England and France was concluded.

In 1902 the Triple Alliance was to be renewed. Italy's withdrawal from that arrangement was seriously con-

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templated. An Italian statesman wrote at the time, that the relations between his country and Austria were such that the two Powers could be neither allies nor enemies. French interests demanded that the Triple Alliance be, so far as possible, rendered inoperative and futile by counter engagements. M. Barrère whispered in the ear of Marquis Visconti: 'Don't be in too much of a hurry. Don't you recall that the Holy Alliance has never been formally denounced, and that it still exists on paper? Why not deal with the Triple Alliance in the same way? Some fine morning the world will wake up to discover that subsequent treaties and the shifting of national sympathies have relegated this alliance to a shelf in the museum of diplomatic antiquities.'

Signor Prinitti, who succeeded Marquis Visconti, and like him was a resident of Milan, was in complete agreement with the ideas of his predecessor. When Prince von Bülow refused to modify the terms of the Triple Alliance in any respect that was favorable to France, Prinitti consented to sign an agreement with us, by which Italy engaged herself to remain neutral in case France should be forced by an act of aggression and in self-defense to declare war. From that date the Triple Alliance was to all intents and purposes a dead letter, as later events were to prove.

THE OUTDOOR GIRL OF A CENTURY AGO

BY MRS. HERBERT RICHARDSON

From the *Daily Telegraph, August* 8
(LONDON INDEPENDENT-CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

ONE of the many charms of a collection of fashion plates is the opportunity it affords us from time to time of comparing or contrasting our ordinary everyday doings with those of our ancestors under similar circumstances some hundred years or more ago. These dainty plates, steel-engraved and hand-colored, present to us our great-grandmothers through that most revealing of all media, their clothes, in almost every aspect of their lives; and it is restful at times to exchange our rather strenuous preoccupations for a study of their more leisured days. Just now, for example, it has been pleasant to abandon for a moment the arduous contriving of beach-frocks and bathing-gowns, and, turning over the leaves of a big fashion-plate collection, to imagine great-grandmamma a century ago doing exactly the same thing.

It is preëminently the English fashion-plates we must study, however, if we would find great-grandmamma in holiday humor. The ideals of sport and recreation of the contemporary Parisienne seem, judging from her fashion plates, to have been limited to a little love-making in the Bois de Boulogne (in a dainty and rather dégagé frock after Fragonard), or an hour or two's devotion (in a clinging Empire gown which must have constituted something

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of a handicap) to the Jeu de Diable, our not so long since resuscitated friend Diabolo. But the Englishwoman was more practical and sportsmanlike.

First and foremost, she approved a seaside holiday. Since George III and his family had popularized Weymouth, and his scapegrace son had done similar service for Brighton, the summer recess at a bathing-place had been de rigueur. We may see great-grandmamma there in the seventeen-nineties, a pretty figure in slim muslin and a straw bonnet, under which a projecting green shade is fixed above her eyes to protect them and her complexion from the glare. In the early nineteenth century there is a vogue at the bathing-places for lace capes with hoods covering both face and hair, and, later, for the gauged sunbonnet worn with a cambric or 'Perkale' frock. But by 1820 Madame has adopted a frilled skirt of moderate length and a tucked muslin blouse which she calls a 'Canezou,' that most useful and popular combination first appearing, apparently, to meet the practical requirements of cliff paths and rambles over the rocks. With her blouse and skirt she carries a green sunumbrella ringed about the middle, a rather Gamp-like accessory, and not so pretty as the pagoda parasols, worn with scarf and hat ribbons to match, which for some time succeeded the green eye-shade and lace hood for seaside wear. Thus prettily and appropriately attired, great-grandmamma wanders on the cliffs and surveys the bathing-machines, preposterously bonneted, on the beach below; or, clad in blue coat and 'Nelson's buttons,' searches the Channel for French craft with the aid of a friendly Jack Tar's telescope.

The discreet costume in which she was dipped by the bathing-woman or swam upon occasion we never see; though we are shown the pretty tasseled bag, quaintly styled a 'bathing preserver' and not much larger than my lady's reticule, in which she carried it, and are told in the letterpress accompanying the fashion plate that it holds 'a dress for bathing more suitable than anything at present in use, to which is attached a cap of delicate silk to keep the head dry.' The description certainly suggests something more attractive than the clumsy serge affairs of thirty years later.

A seaside holiday by no means exhausted great-grandmamma's ideals of rest and recreation. The fable of her faintings and flutterings dies hard, but she was in fact a far more courageous and sporting lady than we, in the pride of our modern emancipation, always like to believe.

First and foremost, she was a fearless horsewoman — and a very charming one. A rare French plate of 1778 shows a *jeune dame en militaire* riding astride, and one notorious Yorkshire lady rode for a wager in 1784 in buckskin breeches and jockey cap and jacket of 'leopard satin.' But in neither French nor English fashion-plates do we find this eccentricity repeated, and the English gentlewoman always rode sidesaddle. We can see her in Windsor Great Park in 1794, in scarlet cloth and black felt hat, with gold loop earrings, York tan gloves, and shoes of purple Spanish leather. The three latter persist as correct accessories to fashionable riding-kit for many years, and the swinging earrings have a charmingly gallant and picturesque effect, with the great plumed beavers and gayly colored habits — purple and blue and chocolate, worn with a white waistcoat or a gold lace sash — of this period.

About 1807 there succeeds a vogue for plainer styles and soberer colors. Fine seal-wool cloth in green or 'dust of ruins' (a rather dingy gray) is correct riding-wear, with a 'jockey bon-

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net' and plaited cambric frill, the skirt confined below the hips by a narrow band of elastic, the precursor of the modern safety-habit. In this the Englishwoman looks exceedingly well, and the fashion for severe smartness obtains with slight modifications until late into the Regency, when the skirt again grows fuller (with a glimpse of white pantaloon below it), yards of black 'choker' replace the cambric frill, and the mannish convex hat or beaver 'topper' are the only varieties of headgear.

The 'topper' had, however, achieved a much earlier vogue as an accessory to driving-costume. Great-grandmamma was a 'whip' as well as a horsewoman, and handled the ribbons often enough. Sometimes she drove in negligee, in 'jonquille' shoes and lilac ribbons. But she never looked more sportsmanlike and attractive than when, behind a pair of blood horses, she took the Brighton road in a yellow curricle, the capes of a gray 'Coburg pelisse' widening her slim shoulders, and a needle-run veil floating gracefully beyond the curved brims of her silvery beaver.

A hundred years ago, we must remember, driving was, next to boxing, the most popular of our national sports, and Madame took as keen an interest in it as her menkind. So much so that the best of her fashion publications have frequent plates of the latest thing in phaeton and barouche for her delectation, as well as the current modes from London or Paris.

It is interesting to turn for a moment to great-grandmamma's winter preoccupations. Winter sports had not yet arrived, but if winter came, she 'skaited' at least upon the Serpentine — 'with some display of limb,' as the contemporary newspaper put it. The limb in question was invariably finished with a pretty fur-topped boot (a fashion later immortalized by Arabella Winkle!), and must have looked rather charming beneath the cosy winter costume of one hundred years ago.

The long Polish Witzchoura and (after the famous retreat from Moscow) the Russian mantle were the most fashionable outdoor garments, both of the close-fitting pelisse description, edged with heavy fur. Carried out in white satin and sable, or ermine and rose-pink cloth, they look delightful in the old fashion-plates, especially when worn with a huge granny muff of the same fur, and the adorably demure lace cap which was for many years smart wear beneath the large, dark winter hats. Sometimes Madame affected a pelisse in Indian red, made from a Cashmere shawl and hemmed with narrow bands of leopard fur. But nothing really impaired the popularity of the Witzchoura until the eighteen-thirties, when its straight lines became impossible over the wider spread of feminine skirts, and it was succeeded by snake-like boas and the less graceful cape.

We have surveyed great-grandmamma at the seaside, in the saddle, or along the Brighton road, and upon the ice of the Serpentine. What of her as a shot? Well, here perhaps she fails us. The 'doggy' woman (the slender elegance of an Italian greyhound best expressed great-grandmamma's taste in dogs) and the lady who goes out with the guns are unknown to her generation. But one half-forgotten sport of which she was past mistress yet remains. It is, roughly, from the year 1780 that the enthusiastic revival of the old English pastime of archery dates, to endure for seventy years or more. Throughout this period women shot at the butts with grace and skill, perhaps not unaware that few sports were better fitted to show off a pretty figure to its fullest advantage. There was no recreation for which great-

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grandmamma dressed more carefully or with more sporting accuracy. Green gros de Naples was the most correct wear, with gloves and 'brace' (worn on the right arm) of primrose kid; from the right side hung a green-worsted tassel, on which to wipe the arrow, and the little quiver on the left hip was usually of green watered ribbon. Sometimes the green was exchanged for white, hussar-braided with blue, and worn with white gloves and brace and boots of pale-blue kid. But Lincoln green was naturally the most popular toxophilite wear. A plumed Robin Hood hat, of the same shade as the gown, caught back with a gold button and loop, always completed these archery dresses, which are typical of an extended period.

It is noteworthy that great-grandmamma in dressing for this long-popular sport never subordinated suitability to fashion, for even in the thirties, when feminine shoulders attained their ugliest and most enormous proportions, she insisted on a comfortable and simple sleeve which would not be cut to ribbons by the pull of the bow.

After all, she was rather more of a sportswoman than we are apt to give her credit for, though many fields of sporting opportunity open to us were barred to her. The sports that she did pursue she followed with no little skill and daring. Though her skirts were longer than our own and her waist possibly tighter, she had that just sense of what is appropriate for sporting attire which is the peculiar possession of the Englishwoman. Certainly she has handed down to us those standards of trimness and fitness to which, after more than a hundred years, we still adhere.

SITTA CANNIN

BY EJNAR MIKKELSEN

[Ejnar Mikkelsen is a well-known Danish Arctic explorer, who has written extensively on life in the Northern regions and is intimately familiar with the customs and folklore of their people.]

From *Berlingske Tidende, July* 3
(Copenhagen Conservative Daily)

In the big cabin of the old Indian chief Stilta, the Raven people had gathered to make merry, and Kamlat, the young daughter of the chief, at the command of her father had entertained the guests with her dancing. Now she had finished, but she had danced a long time, wildly and violently, in honor of the god of the Raven. Others had taken up the dance. No one noticed her as she sat down among the women, as close to the door as possible. Her head was bent low, her long black hair falling forward so that it covered her forehead, hiding her eyes and the fresh blush that colored her cheeks.

Turning her head toward the door, she sat silent and motionless, listening, listening. If he would only come!

Maybe he had been calling her while she was dancing and the house was filled with noise from many throats!

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She had been thinking of this as she was swinging around and around in the wild dance, with smiling lips but tear-filled eyes. Would he not come soon? She had been waiting and waiting, oh, such a long time: ever since the festivities began. No doubt he had been calling her, and she had not heard him; he had gone away and had not returned.

Lower and lower Kamlat bent her head as the tears bedewed her cheeks. Why was she of the Raven tribe, and he of the same blood! Why did the law of the Indian forbid two of the same totem sign to marry! Why had the gods not caused him to be born under the sign of the Eagle? Then he might have been with her this evening, an honored guest, as her coming husband, and she would have danced for him and him alone. She would have laughed, with joy in her heart and eyes sparkling with happiness, not as now misty with longing. Oh, you Raven god, cast him from you. Compel him to serve the Eagle, the Bear, the Wolf — no matter what. Make him come and take the one who belongs to him!

The tears came faster and faster. Little Kamlat knew only too well that the god of the Raven never lets go what he considers his property.

Suddenly she gave a start, lifting her head. What was this? Was it not a hoarse cry of a raven outside the house? There it was again — and again!

With her long hair she dried her tears; her eyes brightened with joy. How fast her heart beat! She pressed her hand against her bosom, fearful lest the others might hear its throbbing. But there! the cry of the raven once more, hoarsely calling, alluring — Sitta Cannin is telling his tribal mate of his presence.

Kamlat arose, and quietly slipped through the door, out into the night where she saw a shadow quickly disappearing between the houses of the Melakatla village. Following, she was drawn away from the brightly lighted house of merrymaking, past many huts and totem poles, richly carved with curious, deformed figures of people and animals. The shadow continued to glide ahead of her.

A full moon shone in the heavens; sharp and distinct its rays fell on the idol poles, deepening the shadows in the animal-heads and making them even more fantastic than the hand of man had shaped them. Their gaping mouths seemed reaching out for Kamlat, as if to seize her, hold her fast, and prevent her from going on.

She trembled and terror took possession of her. Before her eyes the totem poles of the Raven tottered; it seemed to her that those of the Eagle were alive; that the Wolves stood ready to leap from the tops of their posts; and that the Bears rose on their hind legs, prepared to throw themselves upon her.

What was she doing? Were not the gods trying to hold her back? She uttered a half-stifled cry: 'Oh, Sitta Cannin, come and help me, I am afraid!' The shadow kept flitting before her, and a hoarse cry as from a raven gave her courage to follow.

The last totem pole disappeared. Fewer and fewer were the huts. She was outside the village, on a plain bathed in the glimmer of the moon. Dark and threatening rose the woods around her, but from their depths came hoarse raven-cries. Her feet bore her quicker and quicker toward the sound. The cries became more distinct and now she saw plainly the one she had been following. A glad spring forward, and she was there. 'Oh, Sitta Cannin, I am so afraid!'

They needed not be on their guard, for nearly all the inhabitants of the village were at the feast in old Stilta's house. Moreover, the forest was deserted, because among the century-old trees

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evil and terror-inspiring spirits lurked. An Indian sets foot on these puzzling paths at night only when dire necessity compels. But neither Sitta Cannin nor Kamlat thought of fear. They had become accustomed to the weird night sounds and fleeting shadows of the forest. Sitta Cannin sat on a tree-stump in a clearing where the moon cast a strong light. Kamlat knelt at his feet, her elbows resting on his knee, her head raised, her sparkling, joyous eyes gazing on the man's strong countenance.

'My little Raven girl,' and he stroked her hair, 'I have been calling and calling this evening until the raven of the air turned hoarse from answering me and became silent. But you did not come. Raven girl, tell me, why not?'

'I was dancing, O man of the Raven blood. I had to dance in honor of our god. And all the others were screaming. That was why I did not hear you. I was so afraid you had gone away. But as soon as I heard you calling I came at once.'

Sitta Cannin nodded, and for a long time they sat in silence.

'Raven girl, how long can this go on?' He looked into the bright eyes of Kamlat. 'What will your father say, what will all our kin say, when they realize what we intend?'

'Sitta Cannin, awake or asleep I have been thinking the same thing for a long time. I woke last night from an evil dream, oh, so afraid that I almost screamed aloud from fright. Do you remember what was told us when we were children about the man and the woman who wanted each other? They too were born under the sign of the same god; and when others of the tribe discovered their love, they bound them together with rope and threw them into the sea from the high point out there in the north. Man of the Raven tribe, I am so afraid! We are like those two. We love each other; we want each other; but we invite the punishment of gods and men. Sitta Cannin, do you think they will do the same to us?'

'I do not know,' and he shook his head. 'I do not understand it. We are not related; our parents are not related. What harm is there in our love other than that the Raven's totem pole stands guard outside your father's house, and that I was born under the Raven sign? We belong to each other — we two. Our love is great. Kamlat, my love for you is so strong that I would build another totem sign, that I would worship another god, if only that could help to ward off the punishment of gods and men. I would tear down my totem pole — the one that has stood before my father's house and my ancestors', I don't know how many years back, but it is taller than any other totem pole in all Melakatla, and very old — I tell you, I would pull it down, and exchange it for the Eagle pole, or that of the Bear, or even the cunning, cowardly Wolf, if only it could be done. Yes, Kamlat, I would even live without a totem pole and be happy, if I had you in my house. Then I would have my own totem sign, my own god — the light from your eyes.'

'And all that you would do?'

'Yes, Kamlat, and much more. I would leave the village and the country that I love, and set out for the other side of the sea, to the land whose highest mountain tops we see when the morning sun casts its rays, and where other tribes live. I would hunt in strange forests and fish in foreign waters. I would give up my chieftain-dignities and turn all my possessions over to the others of the Raven kin. I would live as the poorest man, if I knew that you would share existence with me and become the mother of my sons.'

'Sitta Cannin, an idea comes to me!

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Now I know what we should do!' Kamlat sprang to her feet. 'You know the pale-faced man who has come here, the man in black clothes, who goes among the sick and the poor. He gives food to the needy; he helps where he can. Sitta Cannin, you know him. Though he never goes hunting, he has always enough to eat. He tells of another god, greater and mightier than the Raven god, than the gods of the Eagle, the Bear, and the Wolf — mightier than all of them together. The man himself says so; I have heard it with my own ears.

'Sitta Cannin, let us go to him, let us raise the totem pole of his god outside our house; it may protect us against the vengeance of the others.'

'What is his god called, Kamlat?'

'I don't know, but I have heard the pale one talk. He says that his god is good, that he is the god of love and understands all things; forgives all things. Sitta Cannin, that is the god for us. Come, let us go to the messenger of that loving god, let us speak with him. Perhaps that god will let us marry.'

An hour later came a timid knocking on the door of the missionary's house. He had gone to bed, but rose at once. Outside his door stood a young Indian with a woman at his side.

The missionary looked questioningly at the two. 'Who are you?'

'I am Sitta Cannin of the Raven tribe. I am a chief, and some time I shall be the foremost of my tribe. Preacher, I wish to speak to you.'

Surprised at the late visit, the missionary stepped aside and followed the two into the room.

'Preacher, Kamlat has heard you speak. She says your god is loving, understands all things, and forgives all. Answer me, preacher, what has your god to say to this — that a man of the Raven tribe marries a woman of the same tribe? Will he permit this, and is his totem sign strong enough to protect us against the revenge of the other gods?'

'His totem sign,' the missionary declared, 'is the mightiest on earth. He is the only true God. He is more powerful than all else. He has created heaven and earth, man and animals. Sitta Cannin, He can protect you and the woman you love, but He requires that you believe in Him.'

'Believe — Preacher, what does that mean? What does his totem sign look like?'

'It is a cross, and he who believes in it and once finds his support in it, has no need of fear.'

'Are you sure of this, preacher?'

'Sitta Cannin, I am sure. But He asks much. You must believe; and that, Sitta Cannin, is often difficult. You must tear down your totem pole, tear from your heart all your idol-worship, for He allows no other gods near Him. And you have to be shown how to worship my God, Sitta Cannin; and you must be baptized, you and your woman. When this is done, and you believe in my God, then you may get married and He will protect you. But go, and think over what I have told you; and if you want to sacrifice a valueless god for a real, true God, then come back to me, and I will teach you of my God and show you His strength.'

From then on, Sitta Cannin and Kamlat came often to the missionary's; and in the houses and huts of Melakatla gossip began to concern itself about the two. What was the meaning of these frequent visits to the pale-faced man in the black clothes?

They began to fight shy of Sitta Cannin. No one wished to go hunting with him, and when it came to fishing there was no longer room for him in the canoes. He must hunt or fish by himself. He felt lonely; for his people turned their backs on him.

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And when Kamlat sought her customary place among the womenfolk, silence fell on the circle. They looked at her with suspicious, searching eyes, and began to talk about other things. Each thought for herself, but what they were thinking was so impossible, so terrible, that none dared speak it aloud. They all recalled what had been told them when they were children, the legend that they themselves time and again had told their listening and trembling little ones. Was it possible that they were to experience what their ancestors had told?

Daring hunters, who followed the animals of the forest over lonely tracks and returned home late at night, spoke in whispers about spirits they had encountered in the darkness: a man and woman whose faces none had seen. Were they perhaps those two who once upon a time had been thrown into the deep from the rock up there in the north, and who now haunted the place, prophesying death and destruction to a man and woman in their very midst?

Then one day the message went from hut to hut, wherever the sign of the Raven stood guard before the door: Sitta Cannin bids you all to festivities.

All came, the whole people of the Raven, last of all Stilta, bringing his daughter.

Much food was there, very much indeed. Great heaps of blankets filled the place — valuable blankets, thousands of them, enough to build a totem pole that would reach far above any other in the village. And there were skins and furs, copper vessels and ornaments and many other articles — all the treasure that Sitta Cannin had inherited from his fathers. What was the meaning of all this?

When all had found seats around the flaming fire in the centre of the hut, Sitta Cannin came forward. Around his shoulders was thrown a blanket, fastened with a glittering pin, the distinctive feature of which was a raven-head, worked in copper. His right arm was naked; in his hand he held a staff, ornamented with carved raven-heads. It was the young chieftain who now struck the floor with his staff, and with all the authority vested in him through the possession of the Raven symbol called for silence.

'Friends,' he cried out, 'I have asked you here to-night to speak to you. I demand that all be silent while I speak. Friends, I have felt myself to be alone lately. When I wanted to go hunting you wanted to go fishing. When I wished to fish the canoe was always filled; never was there room for me among you. I feel that you avoid me. So soon as I come among you there is silence, and you turn your backs on me. And yet, I long to speak to you. Friends, why this change?

'I ask you and you do not answer. But then, it is the custom among the people of the Raven that no one speaks until he who holds the staff has finished. I myself will answer my question.

'Friends, look at me. Do not cast down your eyes. Let me see in your faces whether I speak the truth. Among you men there is no longer a place for me, Sitta Cannin, who nevertheless holds the staff of the chieftainship in his hand and owns the tallest totem pole. And the reason is this: that you are afraid; that you believe I have forgotten the god of our fathers; that I will do that which the gods forbid.

'Yes, that is right! Your eyes tell me it is so. Now I tell you still more. Stilta, you oldest among the Raven people, why do you bend your head with the whitened hairs? Is it from shame because of the renegade? Or do you know what is coming? Ah, you suspect it, all of you suspect it! You all know it. Very well; Stilta, there is

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sitting at your side a woman who no longer belongs there. Kamlat, come here!'

Obediently she arose, walked to the side of Sitta Cannin, and placed her hand in his.

'Raven folk,' he spoke again, 'I know but too well that the laws of the tribe forbid a man of the Raven stock to marry a woman of the same blood. I know that it has happened once before; of the punishment of the offenders I have also heard. But here I stand, Sitta Cannin, and tell you who are born under the sign of the Raven totem pole: it is to happen again — punishment or not — Kamlat shall be mine.'

All sprang to their feet; men and women gesticulated as if possessed, cried at the top of their voices. Hands were lifted threateningly against those who were breaking the ancient custom.

But high above the noise rang out Sitta Cannin's voice: 'Friends, you are in my house; you are my guests. You see the staff of the chief in my hand.

'Be silent and let me finish. I am of the Raven tribe — that you all know. My woman is of the Raven tribe; all of you know her and her father. And again I say to you, we two will dwell together. True, you declare that this must not be: that Raven must not marry Raven. Well, I admit this — but only on one condition.

'Go to the forests, all you hunters. Look well about you, and to the one who comes back and says: I have seen a raven the mate of the eagle, or an eagle in the cave of the bear, or a raven in the den of the wolf — to him will I give all my possessions, my woman, all these blankets, the furs, the copper ornaments, my totem pole, my chieftain's staff — all that is dear to me.'

A loud muttering arose from the assembled men and women; all shook their heads; not one made reply. Such a thing was unthinkable. Once more Sitta Cannin struck the ground with his staff and commanded silence.

'Friends, you need not go into the woods. All know the forest and its wild animals, and no one has ever seen that of which I spoke. Not one among you can rise up and say: All that formerly was yours is now mine!

'You admit then that I am right. And what is unnatural in the animal world can never be natural among people. Why should I, Sitta Cannin, a chief and of chieftain stock, marry a daughter from among the Eagles, the Bears, or the Wolves, when my whole mind is for one of my own tribe? I will marry a Raven and only a Raven. Those whom nature has made as one will best thrive together.

'But friends! I have still more to tell you. We no longer bow before the sign of the Raven, Kamlat and I. We have visited the pale-faced man in the black clothes. He poured water over our heads, made us acquainted with his God, the greatest of them all. He does not forbid two of the same God-sign to marry. I believe in Him; Kamlat believes in Him; under His totem sign will we live.

'And now, friends, I am through. Only one thing more. You see all my blankets, you see my copper treasures, my weapons, and all I have inherited. You see the furs I have gathered together. All, all this I give to you. There is only one thing that you do not get — my chieftain's staff,' and he swung it above his head. 'No man's hand shall ever hold it again. See! This is what I do with it,' and he broke it in two and threw the pieces into the fire. 'There lies my dignity as chief! See how little it means. See how the flames eat it up. It has disappeared. Friends, the Raven people have lost a chief in me, Sitta Cannin. But the Raven people are to lose much more.

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The greatest totem pole in the village, the pride of the Raven stock, the one that my father cherished and protected, the one built by my grandfather or his father, now I burn it down and in its place I will build a totem pole for my new God. Big shall it be; far and wide shall the sign show beneath which Sitta Cannin, himself of the Raven tribe, was married to a Raven woman.'

Before any could prevent, Sitta Cannin ran from the house, swinging a burning brand above his head, and threw it into the hollow gaping beak of the raven-head that formed the entrance to his house, and through which his ancestors had brought their women of the Eagle, Bear, or Wolf tribe.

The dry wood caught fire at once. The sixty-foot-high pole turned into a mighty torch that lighted up the village and frightened the people.

They came running from everywhere, even Indians who worshiped the gods of the Eagle, the Bear, and the Wolf. This was a matter that concerned them all. One of the gods was being insulted. What was this Sitta Cannin about! He was burning the symbol of his god!

But standing before the burning totem was Sitta Cannin, his left arm around the shoulder of Kamlat. In his right hand he held a rifle that he swung threateningly above his head.

'Back with you!' he cried. 'Let no one dare to put it out. Let it burn. The first one who tries to lay hand on us I will shoot down!'

The next morning a bell chimed forth from the house of the pale-faced man. The missionary himself stood in the door and bade welcome to those who had deserted the old gods and found a new one.

Out in the bay lay a gunboat at anchor. The missionary had anticipated the storm that would arise when Raven married Raven and he had summoned help for the emergency. The Indians looked at the gunboat and knew what it meant. The sight cooled their courage and lessened their wild hatred toward the one who had insulted the gods of the tribe and broken an age-old custom.

In the room of the missionary stood Sitta Cannin and Kamlat, homeless and poor. His house was burned down; all his possessions he had given away; nothing was left to remind him of the ancient god; but his eyes brightened as he knelt before the little altar.

When the ceremony was over, he took Kamlat by the hand, and, followed by a few Christian Indians, he left the house of the missionary. Beholding a great crowd outside he checked his steps, but only for a moment; then he resolutely advanced, leading Kamlat.

Without looking either to the right or to the left, they went down to the beach. Their former friends and tribesmen followed them there — subjects of the Raven, the Eagle, the Bear, and the Wolf totems. The hearts of these men were filled with hatred for the apostate, but the gunboat restrained them. They wore their dancing-masks, each representing a raven, an eagle, a wolf, or a bear's head. They uttered hoarse cries as the couple passed them, and made movements as if the fantastic animal-heads on human bodies were eager to bite and rend their former friend and chief.

But unconcerned, Sitta Cannin walked on between the two lines, still holding Kamlat by the hand. He reached the water's edge and sprang into a canoe. Kamlat followed. Each seized a paddle and swung it up and down. Dancing sunbeams made diamonds of water dripping from their blades. Slowly the canoe bore away from the shore toward the high peaks on the other side of the sea, just visible in the brilliant morning sun.

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ANATOLE FRANCE'S NEW NOVEL

BY EDMUND GOSSE

[*This article, by one of England's leading literary critics, deals with the latest work of Anatole France,* La Vie en Fleur, *concerning which we give bibliographical data elsewhere.*]

From the *Sunday Times, August* 6
(INDEPENDENT WEEKLY)

SEVERAL times in the course of his long and illustrious career, the greatest living writer of France has occupied himself with a species of modified or doctored autobiography. As early as 1885 he published *Le Livre de Mon Ami,* in which, under a light veil of fiction, he told a great many pleasing things about himself. Then there came, much later, *Pierre Nozière,* in which, with the pretense that his father was a doctor, he recounted his infancy. Two years ago, he followed this by *Le Petit Pierre,* which described the early boyhood of Master Nozière; and in the fourth installment he gives to-day a desultory account of the adolescence of the same young gentleman. No doubt *La Vie en Fleur* is intended to close this pleasant series, for it carries on the story until Pierre is actually started in his independent profession.

We may, therefore, consider the four books I have named as forming by themselves a particular section of the author's beautiful and varied work. They possess in common a charm of intimacy hardly to be found elsewhere. But how are we to class them — as autobiography or as fiction? Is Pierre Nozière, the doctor's son, the actual personage who, having been born Jacques Anatole Thibault, early took upon himself the more euphonious name of Anatole France? These are questions which the reader of M. France's delicate studies of childhood cannot refrain from asking.

In closing *La Vie en Fleur,* the author, conscious that he can no longer escape from being closely questioned, offers, in what he calls a 'Postface,' an apology and an explanation. The point is one of considerable importance. If we have reason to believe that an autobiography is a genuine transcript from the author's mind of what he remembers of his early life, well and good. We do not find fault with errors of memory or illusions of fact if we know that the author, in good faith, is telling us what he believes to be true in all respects. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of De Quincey, whose reminiscences of his youth are precious, although it has been shown again and again that they are full of errors of fact. Their value consists in the assurance that they reflect what De Quincey faithfully believed to be psychological history. That the images in them are often out of focus is an accident due to the eccentric vision of the writer. He believed them to be true, and they are therefore true enough for us. De Quincey is an extreme example, but all the best autobiographies will be found to resume — in the light of imagination, but not in the glare of invention — the exact events as the author sincerely believed them to have occurred.

Now comes in a totally different ele-

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ment. We have a great deal of fiction, much of it excellent of its kind, which helps itself to the soul's store of recollected facts, taking them, as it were, out of a cupboard and putting them to household uses. This, again, is perfectly legitimate. It was much in practice among the great Victorian novelists; we have only to think of *Jane Eyre* and of *Villette* to remember how abundantly Charlotte Brontë was served by her personal memories. Idle commentators have amused themselves by tracing pieces of George Meredith's life in each of his successive novels. This is the employment of experience in the building-up of fiction.

But M. Anatole France does neither of these things. He does not rigorously confine himself to his recollections, nor does he melt those recollections in a free invention. We start with the difficulty that the father in these stories is a doctor, not a bookseller. Why? At the eleventh hour, M. France ingeniously explains that his father had no liking for his bookshop and had the temperament of a physician. That is very possible, but it starts a suspicion in the mind. The author of *La Vie en Fleur* asserts — now, for the first time, let us observe! — that the souvenirs which make up these four volumes 'are true in all that concerns the principal facts, the characters, and the manners.' We are much consoled to have that assurance, but it is quite evident, and is scarcely denied by the author, that wherever his memory has failed him, as well it might after so many years, he has concealed the fact by an exercise of the imagination.

Now, the essence of autobiography is that it should contain nothing but truth regarded in its nudity. The story is a document, to be arranged with skill and presented with all the graces possible, but to owe nothing whatever to fiction. To alter the names of the persons, in order to avoid offense; to prevent, by some innocent mystification, the indiscreet reader from following up a line of inquiry of his own; to pursue the analysis of a character by means of experience not enjoyed by the writer in childhood — these are subterfuges which are permitted and even recommended to the autobiographer. But M. Anatole France is not satisfied with this latitude. He insists on painting the lily. He actually says, — and I shudder at the heresy, — 'I am tempted to believe that without a little fiction *Le Petit Pierre* would not have pleased, would not have smiled upon its readers.' But when, in *La Vie en Fleur*, I read of the banquet of St. Charlemagne or of the shooting of the jackdaw, I want to know whether these episodes, so deliciously told, did actually take place, or are due to the inventive art of M. France.

No doubt the hardy novel-reader will tell me that it does not matter, but I persist in my scruple. To me it does matter — not very much, but a little. Nor am I consoled because the author wheedles up to me and whispers that he has 'lied in order to teach and please' — *menti pour enseigner et plaire*. Fiction is one thing, reality is another, and I am sorry that M. Anatole France has not had the courage to keep them apart.

When this ambiguity has been grumbled at and dismissed, there is little but undiluted pleasure to be extracted from *La Vie en Fleur*. The author, so the authorities assure us, is advanced in his seventy-ninth year, and it would not be surprising if we found him no longer capable of enchanting us with his wit and capricious vivacity. But there is no sign of flagging vitality in the sparkling brightness with which he takes up the tale where he dropped it two years ago in *Le Petit Pierre*. In the course of fifty-six years of uninterrupted authorship, M. Anatole France has arrived at

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a perfection of skill which would enable him, no doubt, to write with elegance and distinction on almost any subject on earth. But there is much more than this merely technical adroitness in the merit of what he puts forth. He still, at his remarkable age, is alive with observation and humor. The opening chapters of *La Vie en Fleur* keep the bewitched reader in a perpetual giggle.

Further on in the book, indeed, it must in truth be said that the flame dies down a little on the altar, while the priest grows somewhat drowsy at his service. Praise of the early chapters would hardly be sincere if they did not give way to some regret at the sleepy quality of some pages of the second half of the story, which seems to have been drawn out — not much, but somewhat — because the book had to be finished somehow. It is, however, not a new peculiarity in the later work of M. France to flag a little in the course of his fictions. A particular instance is *L'Île des Pingouins*, the early portion of which is inimitably brilliant, but the close very far from diverting. Even in the Bergeret series, each of the four magnificent novels of contemporary history carries a certain sense of languor at the tail of it, as though the author lost something of his interest in his subject after the first incomparable lighting and peopling of his stage.

The four autobiographical stories, of which *La Vie en Fleur* is the latest, naturally recall the novels which I have just mentioned, because the method adopted in them is the episodical one always dear to M. France, but particularly developed in *L'Orme du Mail* and in its congeners. He likes to take a very slight background of event and to embroider on it, here and there, a vivid piece of action. This is what he does in his sketches of his own early years, where the life in his father's house, and even at school, is faintly realized, but where we have sudden, extremely vivid scenes, which are hung on the book like startling modern pictures on the gray wall of a drawing-room. One of the best of these is the rollicking episode of the Académie Blaise Pascal, which he and a few of his schoolfellows founded, with results of a most farcical description. Here I ask myself again, Is this recollection or invention, a merry memory or a piece of calculated satire? I ask because it makes me slightly uncomfortable that I cannot tell. The wild dance round the room in the lurid light of the punch-bowl, and the final smashing of the bust itself, are wonderfully described, but almost too good to be true.

Again, the lecture of M. Joseph Vernier, the aëronaut, over the corpse of his balloon, is an elaborate and highly finished piece of intellectual satire, but is it a genuine waif and stray from the capricious memory of Master Nozière? It may be, but the author has undermined my happy confidence by that confession of having 'lied in order to teach and please.'

To his gallery of odd Parisian figures, M. Anatole France adds in this book a perfectly delightful maid of all work. This is Justine, surnamed by Pierre's father 'Catastrophe,' because of the amazing way in which she unchains around her the furies of fire, air, and water, and the inability which all objects, especially fragile ones, show of staying in her hands. Walks in the street are enlivened by the shrieks and laughter of Justine, incessantly hung-up from being hooked to wayfarers by flying portions of her dress. Chimneys on fire and strange inundations in bedrooms mark the destructive course of poor Catastrophe, the handle of whose feather-broom contrives to break statuary which has survived the wreck of dynasties. At her approach, lustres fling themselves spontaneously from

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chandeliers, and are smashed in a thousand fragments at her feet. How this sanguine and simple creature, devoted in her own terrible fashion to the interests of her adopted family, how this monster of scarlet cheeks and catastrophic hands became a victim to the passion of love, must be read in the pages of *La Vie en Fleur*.

In such episodes as these, or in the descriptions of his teachers and of his schoolfellows, or in the wonderful sketch of Ingres in his robust old age, M. France remains faithful to that classic grace of manner which no writer of our time has cultivated so successfully as he. He possesses the art of painting what in other hands would be thought an ugly or a commonplace subject with such delicacy, with such a spice of humor, with such an abandonment of beauty, that we ask no more from language.

As must naturally be the case, the interesting part of *La Vie en Fleur* is that which expands, with humorous or impassioned detail, what we know of the character of the author. In the famous formula which Keats invented a hundred years ago, 'the imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space between, in which the soul is in a ferment.' It is this yeasty condition which occupies all but the first few chapters of M. France's new book. He analyzes it with ingenious probity, not giving way to either self-pity or self-praise, and avoiding extravagant statement of every kind. He laughs gently at himself, as a vague and not very promising youth, to whom no profession seemed open, but who gave serious consideration, for several hours at a time, to each in turn. He thought of becoming an engineer, since he had seen in comedies at the Odéon spirited engineers, eminent in the mazy dance, trouble the hearts of rich young girls and conclude with a prosperous marriage. Alas, the principle of 'bifurcation,' in directing him to the side of letters, had closed to his ambition all scientific careers. *Adieu, chaussées, ponts, mines, et beau mariage!* He suffered, moreover, from a listlessness of attention, which led him into difficulties in viva voce examinations. He tells the tale, which I seem to have heard before, of the trap by which a savage examiner led him to assent to the statement that the river Rhone flows into Lake Ontario.

Like many men of imaginative genius, M. Anatole France was not a promising subject for the higher education. He admits that, during his last years at school, he presented to all branches of knowledge then recognized by pedagogues a closed intelligence and a rebellious mind. 'What little I learned,' he declares, 'I learned alone.' He regards the discipline of a uniform education as an odious and stupid system, which, working mechanically on all the thoughts and all the movements of pupils from childhood to adolescence, renders them incapable of enjoying liberty and unfitted to live in the world. The uniformity of work and play makes the one and the other insipid. M. Anatole France rejoices that he escaped the new torment of 'games' which has invaded his country. He has a positive resentment against the enforced régime of physical exercises. In all this, and in the rest, we see exposed to us once more the philosophy of M. Bergeret, which has always been individualist in the extreme, and is so still. It is neither metaphysical nor moral; it is artistically nihilistic. Nothing exists for it except beauty — in the larger sense, of course.

M. Anatole France is inquisitive and nonchalant. Although he is so essentially Latin, he seems to me, of all recent French writers of high rank, the most like an Englishman.

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JUDO: THE JAPANESE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE

BY PROFESSOR JIGORO KANO

[*Professor Kano is the foremost teacher of Jujutsu in Japan. The following article is the substance of a lecture upon this topic that he delivered before the Asiatic Society of Japan, at the British Embassy in Tokyo, last July. The first part of the lecture was devoted chiefly to illustrations of the various holds and methods of attack, in which the lecturer was assisted by six experts.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, July* 29
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THE purpose of my talk is to treat of Judo as a Culture, — Physical, Mental and Moral, — but as it is based on the art of attack and defense, I shall first explain what this Judo of the contest is.

In the feudal times of Japan, Judo, then more commonly known as Jujutsu, was practised by our samurai, together with other martial exercises, such as fencing, archery, the use of spears, and so forth. Judo was an art of fighting, generally without weapons, although sometimes different kinds of weapons were used. The attack was principally throwing, hitting, kicking, choking, holding the opponent down, and bending or twisting the opponent's arms or legs in such a way as to cause pain or fracture. We have multitudinous ways of defending ourselves against such attacks.

A main feature of the art is the application of the principles of non-resistance and taking advantage of the opponent's loss of equilibrium; hence the name Jujutsu (literally soft or gentle art), or Judo (doctrine of softness or gentleness). Now let me explain this principle by actual examples.

Suppose we estimate the strength of a man in units of one. Let us say that the strength of this man (an assistant) is ten units, whereas my strength, less than his, is seven units. Then if he pushes me with all his force, I shall certainly be pushed back or thrown down, even if I use all my strength against him. This would happen from opposing strength to strength. But if, instead of opposing him, I leave him unresisted, withdrawing my body just as much as he pushes, at the same time keeping my balance, he will naturally lean forward and lose his balance. In this new position he may become so weak (not in actual physical strength, but because of his awkward position) as to reduce his strength for the moment, say to three units only instead of ten. Meanwhile, by keeping my balance, I retain my full strength available for any emergency. Had I greater strength than my opponent, I could of course have pushed him back; but even if I wished to push him back, I should first have left him unresisted, as by so doing I should greatly economize my energy.

This is one instance showing how an opponent may be beaten by being left unresisted. Others may be given.

Suppose my opponent tries to hoist my body, intending to make me fall. If I resist him, I shall be thrown down, because my strength to resist is not sufficient to overcome his. If, on the other hand, I leave him unresisted and, while so doing, pull him this way (illustrating), throwing my body volun-

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tarily on the ground, I can throw him very easily.

I could multiply these examples, but probably those I have given will suffice to enable you to understand how one may beat an opponent by not resisting him. But there are cases to which this principle does not apply. Suppose, for instance, my opponent takes hold of my right wrist and I resist him, there is no means of releasing it from his hold. The best way would be to move my arm so that my whole strength is used to counteract his hand grip, the strength of which is of course far inferior to my concentrated strength and therefore gives way to it. In such case I used my strength against his, contrary to the principle of nonresistance.

Again my opponent grips me from behind; I cannot release myself by nonresistance and must either throw him, using the strength of my body to break his grip, or slide down obliquely, releasing myself and releasing his grip at the same time. These examples serve to show that the principle of nonresistance is not applicable in all cases.

Is there, then, any principle which never fails of application? Yes, there is! And that is the principle of the Maximum Efficiency in Use of Mind and Body. Nonresistance is only one instance of the application of this fundamental principle.

On careful consideration we come to see that we make an unnecessary expenditure of energy in ordinary bodily contests, and also in our daily lives. I shall show you, by some examples, how a small exertion of energy is often sufficient to perform some of the most marvelous feats in physical contests.

Here is a man, either standing still or moving a leg or legs. When he moves, he gives me an opportunity of throwing him by slight exertion on my part. I will first show you how to throw him in case he steps forward with either foot. Suppose he advances his right leg: I shall not be able to throw him if I push that leg from behind, so long as it is still off the ground and his body is supported by his left leg. But if I push it (from the back near the tendon of Achilles) just as his foot is touching the ground, and at the moment when the weight of his body is in process of being transferred to the front leg, a slight tap will be enough for me to throw him. And if he steps backward, a slight kick applied to his front leg at the proper moment will enable me to throw him very easily.

Next I shall show how it is if he is standing still. In that case he may be compared to a log of wood standing on its end. Unless he resists me with his bodily strength he may very easily be pushed or pulled down. And if he resists me, he will be thrown even more easily by merely pulling or pushing in the direction he is exerting his strength. This shows how strength properly applied may control strength several times greater.

Again, a man is standing in his natural position and I attempt to twist his arm. In this case I shall find great difficulty, as he has full power to defend himself. But taking advantage of his unguarded moment or his moving in a certain direction, I pull him in that direction and disturb his balance. Then I can easily twist his arm, and by holding and pressing it near the elbow joint with my arm, I can entirely incapacitate him from free action; as, unless he yields to me, he will be hurt and may even get the joint dislocated.

Next, I will show how I can choke an opponent. Here also it is advisable to upset his physical equilibrium. There are many opportunities of throwing an opponent out of balance, in the course of a contest. One is when he attempts to hit me. If he shoots out his right arm and tries to hit my face, then,

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avoiding the stroke, I take hold of his sleeve or arm near the elbow joint with the left hand and pull it, just at the moment he is a little out of balance. I bring my right arm in front of his neck and push him from behind with my left hand near the base of his spinal column, thus completely upsetting his balance. I can then bring my left hand up and choke him.

These are all illustrations of the principle of the Maximum Efficiency in Use of Mind and Body. On this principle the whole fabric of the art and science of Judo is constructed.

Judo is taught under two methods, one called *Randori*, and the other *Kata*. Randori, or Free Exercise, is practised under conditions of actual contest. It includes throwing, choking, holding down, and bending or twisting the opponent's arms or legs. The combatants may use whatever tricks they like, provided they do not hurt each other, and obey the general rules of Judo etiquette. Kata, which literally means Form, is a formal system of prearranged exercises, including, besides the aforementioned actions, hitting and kicking and the use of weapons, according to rules under which each combatant knows beforehand exactly what his opponent is going to do.

The use of weapons and hitting and kicking is taught in Kata and not in Randori, because if these practices were resorted to in Randori injury might well arise, while when taught in Kata no injury is likely to happen as all the attacks and defenses are prearranged.

Randori may be practised in various ways. If the object is simply the training in methods of attack and defense, the learner's attention should be directed especially to the most efficient way of throwing, striking, kicking, bending, or twisting, without special reference to developing the body, or to mental or moral culture. But if the object is physical, mental, or moral culture, the training in methods of attack and defense may be confined to such phases of Judo as are necessary to this culture.

One great value of Judo, as physical culture, lies in the interest accompanying its practice. In Judo every movement has some meaning; and as Randori is not the mere repetition of a certain number of fixed movements, but an innumerable combination of diverse movements voluntarily chosen by the combatants to meet the need of the occasion, the spirit in which these movements are done is quite different from that of movements made according to certain arbitary rules.

Again the limitless variety of movements in Judo fits it for physical development, and the variety of ways in which training is possible makes it suitable to everybody, old and young, robust and weak. The result of a systematic training in Judo is not only to develop a strong and healthy body but also to create in a man or woman a perfect control over mind and body, and make him ready to meet any emergency, either from accident or from attack. Although in Judo exercise is generally between two persons, and in a room specially fitted for the purpose, those conditions are not always observed. It can be conducted by parties or by a single person, and in the playground or an ordinary room.

I will explain how one can be mentally trained in Judo. Mental training can be done by Kata as well as by Randori, but more successfully by the latter. As Randori is competition between two persons, using all the resources at their command, an opponent will seize any opportunity for attack. A learner should therefore be made aware, if possible, of the strong or weak points of his opponent, his mental and physical characteristics; everything, in

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short, which may help him to devise means to beat him. Such training, if properly conducted by a competent instructor, tends to make the learner earnest and sincere, cautious and deliberate in his actions.

At the same time, one is trained to decision and prompt action, because in Randori, with the opponent always on the alert, one must know what to do and do it at once. Randori not only trains the will of the learner but gives him mental composure. In Randori each of the parties is generally ignorant of what the other purposes, and must be prepared for any kind of sudden attack. This attitude of being ready to meet any emergency trains one to keep his mind composed, because if confused he will be easily beaten when the attack comes.

Everybody will admit that one important means of self-improvement is seeing the successes and failures of others, and it is by the exercise of the power of attention and observation in the training-hall that one acquires ability indispensable not only in Judo but also in actual life. The next step is to devise the means of beating an opponent. For this the powers of imagination, of reasoning, and of judgment are essential, and proper training in Randori requires the exercise of all these powers. Furthermore, as the study of Randori is the study of the relation between two competing parties, hundreds of valuable lessons are derived from it. For the present I will content myself with giving only a few examples.

In Randori we teach the learner to act on the fundamental principles of Judo all through, no matter how physically inferior his opponent may seem to him, and even if by sheer strength he can easily overcome him; because if he acts contrary to principle his opponent will never be convinced of defeat, no matter what brute strength he may have used. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that the way to convince an opponent in argument is not to push this or that advantage over him, be it from knowledge, wealth, or power, but to persuade him in accordance with the invariable rules of logic. The lesson that persuasion and not coercion is efficacious, so valuable in actual life, we may learn through Randori.

Again we teach the learner, when he has recourse to our tricks in overcoming his opponent, to employ only as much of his force as is absolutely required for the purpose in question, cautioning him against either an over or under exertion of energy. There are not a few cases in which people fail in what they undertake simply because they go too far.

To take one more instance: in Randori we teach the learner, when he faces an opponent who is madly excited, to score a victory, not by directly resisting with might and main, but by playing his opponent till his very fury expends itself. The usefulness of this attitude in everyday transactions with others is patent: as is well known, no amount of reasoning could avail us when confronted by a person so agitated as to have lost his temper; all that we have to do in such a case is to wait till his passion wears itself out.

Now all these doctrines we learn in the practice of Randori. Their application to the conduct of daily affairs is a very interesting subject of study and invaluable as an intellectual training for young minds.

As to the moral phase of Judo, — not to speak of the discipline of the exercise room involving the observance of the regular rules of etiquette, courage, and perseverance, kindness to and respect for others, impartiality and fair play so much emphasized in Western

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athletic training, — Judo has special importance in Japan. Because, as I have already mentioned, Judo — together with fencing and other martial exercises — was practised by our old samurai, and the spirit of the high code of honor they observed has been handed down to us through the teaching of the art.

In this connection let me explain how the principle of the Maximum Efficiency in Use of Mind and Body helps in promoting moral conduct. A man is sometimes very excitable and prone to anger for trivial reasons; but when he comes to consider that to be excited involves an unnecessary expenditure of energy, benefiting nobody and often doing harm to himself and others, the student of Judo must refrain from such conduct. One is sometimes despondent from disappointment, is gloomy, and has no courage to work. Judo advises such a man to try and find out the best he can do under existing circumstances. Paradoxical as it may seem, such a man, to my mind, is in the same position as one at the zenith of success. In both cases there is only one road to follow — the one he deems best at the time. Thus the teaching of Judo may lift a man from the depths of discouragement to vigorous activity with a bright hope in the future. The same reasoning applies to persons who are discontented. Discontented persons are often in a sulky state of mind and blame other people, without properly attending to their own affairs. The teaching of Judo makes such persons understand that such conduct is against the principle of the Maximum Efficiency in Use of Mind and Body.

TIGER-HUNTING IN THE MALAY STATES

BY CAPTAIN R. G. B. FARRER

From the *National Review, August*
(London Tory Monthly)

It was a dark night, the darkest that had been for several months, and in addition a steady rain was falling, when at about 5 P.M. we started upon our three-mile walk along a bridle path to the place which, according to our information, a tiger had selected for eating his kill. The kill, an unfortunate calf only fourteen days old, had been made at about 3 A.M. that same morning, and we knew the tiger, because it was his habit only to take calves and goats and to carry them two or three miles from their stall into a certain part of the mangrove swamps that cover the whole seaboard of these parts to a depth of two miles and more. He never used to eat more than a mouthful or two, leaving the remainder for the subsequent night, when as a rule he returned at about 8 P.M. and finished up everything except the jawbones.

We had got the news of the kill at about 2 P.M., and on entering the mangrove swamp, which was always knee-deep in water and mud, and often deep-

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er, the greatest caution had to be taken; for as a rule the tiger sleeps within a few paces of the carcass, and except for the smell, we could not definitely say where the latter lay. By dusk, however, we had arrived, but the tiger had heard us, and with a growl or two had silently slipped away to the accompaniment of an incessant chorus raised by frogs and crickets of all sorts and sizes. A couple of planks were lashed with rattan into the fork of a tree some ten or twelve feet from the kill, and in these Manap, his son, and I took up our positions, pestered by horseflies and mosquitoes which seemed to know our necessity for observing silence and take an equal delight in trying to upset it.

By this time it was dark, and apart from the frogs and crickets not a sound was to be heard, nor was a light to be seen except for the fireflies which hovered about, flickering here and there with a pale-green radiance. The rain began to come down in earnest, and having had no time to provide ourselves a shelter, it was not long before we were drenched. My companions had little apart from their persons to get soaked, and perhaps theirs was the more fortunate lot.

About 7.30 P.M. our expectations were raised by hearing a series of growls coming from the thickest mangrove, and shortly afterward we could detect a stealthy 'plop, plop, plop,' as the tiger made his way through the marsh, circling the kill in case of danger. He was not far away, — some twenty yards only, — but the density of the jungle would have effectually screened him at five paces in broad daylight, let alone on the darkest of dark nights. We kept as still as mice, and listened to his stealthy manœuvres for the best part of an hour, longing for his appetite to get the better of his discretion and so relieve us from the irksomeness of being bitten by every insect that the tropics have ever produced, or are ever likely to produce — at least judging from the effects of their ravages on face and hands.

At last he seemed to be satisfied, for with a low growl he approached the kill slowly and with frequent pauses. He seemed to be within three or four paces of the carcass when he stopped and remained stationary, with never a sound to be heard. We waited like this for over an hour, knowing well that even if the lamp were flashed in his direction the jungle would be too dense to allow the light to show us the glint of his eyes; and although it is said and believed by the Malays that a tiger will approach a light if not too strong, we had decided to wait until we could distinguish the sounds of the tiger feeding.

So we waited and waited, until finally there was a stealthy movement, followed by a scrunching of bones and ripping of flesh to the accompaniment of low snarls and growls, warning off intruding civet cats which, scenting the prospects of a gratuitous feed, were careering round with no regard for us or the presence of the tiger. Manap's son turned on the electric torch and both guns went up simultaneously with the flash of light. Dead silence followed; the tiger was evidently startled, yet Manap and I were unable to distinguish either the tiger's head or any part of him. The moment, however, that the light was extinguished, the tiger moved and fed again; so the lamp once more was switched on, and this time we saw the pampas grass move, and wonder of wonders, the carcass of the calf slowly disappeared from sight! Yet there was not a sign of the tiger, and although we could have fired and have been certain of hitting somewhere, we should have had a long walk through the swamp before reaching a road or path of any sort, and should have been

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completely at the mercy of the wounded animal had the shots not proved fatal in the first instance. Moreover, to track him would have been impossible on account of the water.

Here were we, then, up in a tree, throughly wet and miserable, while down below the tiger, having availed himself of the thick cover to hide his approach, was enjoying himself to his heart's content. We could see what he had done. Leading up to the kill and running parallel to our position was a path we often used, and like a rabbit-run in a meadow it was obscured from vision by the encircling undergrowth. Up this he had made his way, and arriving near the kill had scented danger. So, without exposing himself to view, he had stretched out a paw and dragged the calf into a place where it could be devoured in comparative safety. He knew we were there as well as we knew that he was, and he was n't taking any risks; and neither were we.

However, a joke is a joke, and this being a particularly poor one for us, we decided to slip off our perches one at a time, and to take two or three paces to a plank and then to shoot up the lane. Accordingly the light was extinguished, and we got to the ground without disturbing the beast, who continued his feeding, seemingly taking no further notice of us. The torch was turned on again and focused on the place where the tiger was lurking, and by the light the two of us — for the man with the light remained in the tree — successfully negotiated first one and then a second step to the left. Another two paces were all that prevented us from seeing our enemy; but those two paces were to be our undoing, for at the next attempt to move, my foot could not touch bottom. At the same time my other foothold gave, and I sank into a mixture of water, frogs, crabs, and mud of a most unpleasing odor right up to the neck, so that I had all my work cut out to keep gun and cartridges dry, and had no time to spare to minor considerations like the avoidance of noise.

The consequence is not hard to guess. Dead nipa-palm leaves and dried mangrove-branches snapped right and left, making further concealment impossible, and the tiger, by now thoroughly alarmed, uttered one roar and was away. He did not go far, however, some twenty or thirty paces only; but to follow was impossible, and all we could do before pushing off for home was to see what he had done to the carcass. We found it, or what was left of it, for the tiger, having scented danger, chewed off the neck and carried it, together with the head, into the jungle to be devoured at leisure. It was as though the cut had been made with a surgeon's knife; it was so cleanly done that there was n't a piece of stringy hanging flesh to be seen; the bone had been neatly severed at the joint and was unsplintered.

It was 3 A. M. before we got back to the road, wet through and tired, but not dissatisfied; for though the tiger was not bagged, we had had a run for our money, which is the exception rather than the rule in the Malay States. In these States tigers abound, and are the greatest nuisance to the native landholders, who own two or three acres and keep a cow or two tied up below their houses.

The jungle, too, is thick almost beyond description, and it is far simpler for a tiger to steal a calf, or a dog, or a goat, than it is for him to hang about on the off-chance of scoffing a deer or pig at some well-frequented watering-place. They are not long in discovering this, and they take full advantage of their experience. Few of the natives have guns, and those that have are too afraid of tigers to use them with any

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degree of accuracy. In consequence, the raiders usually get off scatheless; and even if the owner of the homestead does shoot, there are far more chances that he will miss out of fright than hit, and if he does hit, it is but occasionally that the bullets find a vital spot. For this reason there are some tigers who, having been fired on and perhaps hit once, are far more wary and cunning for the future, and do untold damage to cattle, even if they do not take to eating men.

In one area comprising three villages, a tiger and a tigress, both wounded in the way described above, killed forty-nine calves and fifty-three goats in the space of three months. Their habits were peculiar and identical on each appearance. Should there be a calf tied up under a house and another tied to a tree in the open, they invariably took the former, and having carried it away would eat the hinder quarters only, however small the victim might be, leaving at daybreak to reach the jungle on adjoining hills where they could safely sleep off the effects of their night upon the prowl and consequent fatigue. Never once were they known to lie up near a kill or, having left a kill, to come back to it; but a fresh kill was made each night, usually in a different village from the scene of the last night's escapade. One still remains at large in spite of all efforts to bring her to book, and their success in avoiding destruction has earned for them the respect and awe of the natives, who credit them with supernatural powers, even going so far as to suspect them of being men — bad men disguised as tigers in order to inflict the maximum of hardship upon their less gifted neighbors.

I first came into contact with these animals two months ago or more, and since then have sat up for them over kills and over baits more times than I care to number; but never once have they departed from their rule of abandoning a carcass for good and all. My efforts finally attracted the notice of the local tiger-experts who, apparently taking the example to heart, tried their own methods, calling in Pawangs of all descriptions, but without success. The Pawang is a man believed to be gifted with extraordinary powers of foreseeing the movements of any desired animal or the outcome of any special incident. There was a Pawang summoned by the local headman to insist upon the tiger walking into a brand-new trap baited with a monkey: another adjured him to walk into a spring gun: while yet another accompanied a party waiting in a village in order to prevent the tiger from showing either his fangs or his claws in anger. The only result of these activities was to encourage the tiger and his mate to further marauding, and not a night passed but someone came in with a fresh tale of woe.

Now, after having sat up all night, or at the best slept fitfully in a native house waiting for the brute's arrival which never happens, it is not particularly enlivening or conducive to soft answers to have a long tale of woe poured into your ear, ending with a gentle hint — given with perfect politeness — that really it is high time that something should be done about it. However, familiarity with a topic does wonders, and though we still tried to get a shot at the two brutes by tracking and by waiting, we never got the opportunity of a shot, although on several occasions we were close enough to hear a subdued snarl and heavy breathing. The thickness of the undergrowth was always our undoing.

One fine day the tigress, after an uneventful and barren night, lay in wait on the edge of a rubber estate, and springing at the tapper on his round bit through his spinal cord and veins and carried him off into a mass of thorny undergrowth covering a large

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expanse of marsh. The Headman or Penghulm at once sent word to me; but I had already started off for that area on inspection duty, taking my gun with me in case anything turned up as I made my way through a large area of secondary jungle and lalang grass. Chancing by the place by bicycle, I found a large crowd grouped alongside the bridle path, and dismounted to inquire what the excitement might be about. I was told what had happened by fifty men, all speaking at once, and each with a different version; for not one had seen the fatality occur, or knew for certain that there had been any fatality at all. It was enough to know that a man was missing, and that tigers were in the neighborhood — imagination did the rest, with the result that it might well have been supposed the tigers were as thick as caterpillars on a gooseberry bush.

It was no use arguing, and less use trying to find out anything; so, selecting one hoary-headed old ruffian, popularly supposed to be the most hardened sinner and desperate character in the neighborhood, but fortunately friendly to me, I went off to see what had happened, giving strict instructions to the crowd not to follow for an hour unless they heard shots. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the place where the unfortunate man had last been seen, and it was not long before we spotted his rubber bucket and tapping utensils scattered about as if by a whirlwind. We approached cautiously and found the place where the tigress had lain in ambush, and for the first time perceived that she had two cubs with her, little bigger than dogs, judging from their pad-marks. They must have been waiting there for several hours, for there were no less than three separate sleeping-places, all well used, and within springing distance of one rubber tree, which was tapped every day and stood apart from the others on the edge of the secondary jungle.

All around were the signs of a desperate struggle, for the man, seized by the neck, had with hands and feet clutched grass and shoots in his efforts to free himself, without avail. There was but little blood until the jungle was entered, for here the tigress released her hold and finally dispatched the man before retiring into the thickets to discuss the situation and the corpse. Judging from the tracks, all three were highly elated, and jumped about all over the place without the slightest regard for caution, so that it was easy work to follow the trail through the mass of tangled undergrowth and over marshy ground in which the imprints of the tigress's and cubs' pads were plainly visible. We followed slowly and with the utmost stealth, and after about an hour's walk we were rewarded by hearing a little to the left a subdued snarling and crackling of bones. Caution was redoubled at once, and we tried the wind every few paces by shaving the thumb nail with a knife and seeing which way the wind blew the dust.

Everything was favorable; we could hear that the family were feasting on the bank of a stream not more than ten or fifteen paces away, and that to get a view of them we had but to get to the stream and crawl round a bend, ready to shoot. Anything except such a course was entirely prevented by the thickness of the scrub which, composed as it was of creepers, thorn bushes, and thorn palms, effectually screened any object more than a pace or two distant. All went well, and after five or ten minutes we were in the stream, when suddenly a most awful uproar and crashing in the jungle behind rendered all our precautions and efforts futile. The tigress let out one roar and was away like a streak, followed by her

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cubs, leaving the remains of the man behind. The people we had forbidden to follow had been unable to resist the temptation, and had proceeded to track us without any regard for our purpose. On two occasions afterward there were growlings from the undergrowth ahead, but they were more and more distant until finally the tigress and her cubs moved into the foothills. That night she returned to the scene of the tragedy and gave vent to her feelings by uttering a series of prolonged roars, at the same time tearing up the soft earth with her claws, possibly to try to find the corpse, which had by then been removed. Having no luck, she started off for a bit of a hunt, and it was not long before she bagged a goat, which she carried off to a small patch of jungle and devoured. The next morning she was still there, and we decided to try and beat her out.

Accordingly the mosque drums were beaten, and in a short time all the inhabitants were assembled. Selecting some sixty or seventy ruffians, the Penghulm told them to go and get gongs and spears and Chinese crackers, and to be back without delay. This they did, and presented a wonderful sight. All sorts and conditions of guns appeared, and spears innumerable, some eight or nine feet long, all with a crosspiece lashed near the head to prevent anything, once struck, from crawling up. There were spears made of hardened wood, of old bayonets, and of beaten iron — altogether, rather a terrifying array. However, leaving all the most dangerous-looking guns behind in a safe place, we started, and it was not long before the tigress was roused by the fiendish noise that was set up. Legitimately annoyed, she growled once or twice, and then set about finding the best way out of the situation. Two or three times she approached the guns, but never broke cover. Finally she sneaked into a ditch traversing the adjoining padi fields, and with her cubs leading the way got into the big jungle unseen.

From there hardly a night has passed that she and her mate did not come down and worry the village flocks, or chase a man on his rounds in a native estate. But no one capable of shooting straight has as yet met them. I have tried! And others have tried! The nights we are there the tigress is not abroad; but as soon as we have gone, out she comes, and passing the place where we have been watching, wanders off and makes a kill.

The tiger, her mate, is, however, the worse and more cunning of the two, but he was finally disposed of after a concentrated series of activities extending over three weeks. Every night he alone was abroad, and each night we marked his tracks; but as he was continually attacking men we could not afford to wait and chance a meeting. Accordingly numerous traps were set in the jungle, while I and a party of Malays, skilled in the art, patrolled the bridle paths in the area. The first man carried a bull's-eye lantern, the remainder following with guns and spears; and so, flashing the lamp to the front and to the sides, the procession moved noiselessly through the jungle. For the first four nights there was heavy rain, and clouds obscured the moon, yet we only met civet cats, upon which powder and shot were not wasted. On the fifth night we missed the tiger by a few minutes, arriving on the scene just as he had made a kill and retired growling into the jungle. The next morning we followed him up, but he had gone, having eaten only a bit of the calf.

That night we tried for him again. A tiger, bear, cat, or deer on seeing a bull's-eye lamp will approach to within five paces or so out of curiosity, wishing to discover what sort of animal has

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turned up with such bright eyes. A tiger's eyes shine red, and his whole face being visible presents an easy shot. That night we met him in a clump of banana trees, but he was shy and would not expose himself, and we did not try to shoot, hoping to meet him later on. As soon as we had moved on, out he came and, making a detour of over six miles, approached another Kampung about midnight, just as we ourselves got there. We heard him, and made a noise to try and make him bear to the right and get near a trap; and in this we were successful, for at once roar after roar rent the air, and we went to sleep, waking up in the morning to find a very fine tiger, old and strong, safely caged. It was impossible to do anything else except shoot him, and so died one of the terrors of an area of over twenty square miles.

I am glad to say that I ultimately shot the tigress. She was immensely powerful, and of rather different build from the tiger; he was very stocky and strong, while she was longer and more snake-like, with a perfect set of teeth and claws. After the death of her husband she became the limit. Each night she went after men as though to avenge the loss of her mate; and yet I could n't meet her. The night after the tiger was shot she walked into a woodcutter's shanty in the jungle, and picked up a Chinese man who, together with two pals, was sleeping inside. She caught him by the shoulder, and needless to say he awoke, having the sensation of a terrible dream; his screams, coupled with the yells of his mates, must have shaken the nerves of the tigress, for she dropped the Chinaman, making a bee line for the hills, whence she came next night to a village.

Here she prowled round a shack for a long time, finally spying a man — a Chinese — asleep inside. Very cautiously and stealthily she approached, and climbing up on a piece of fallen wood glared in — highly reprehensible conduct on the part of a married lady with a family! However, be that as it may, apparently the Chinaman appealed to her, and accordingly she put out a paw and, stretching through the bamboo bars of the house, found she could n't reach quite far enough. Edging up closer, she tried with her left paw and just reached the mosquito net; this she ripped badly, and in so doing woke up the Chinaman who, seeing what was happening, shouted for all he was worth and pulled himself out of immediate danger. This annoyed the tigress immensely, and she sprang full tilt against the bars. Luckily the bamboos held, and she went off and sulked in a bit of jungle where I had built a trap. Word was immediately sent to me by relays of runners.

Well, I got down to find her ladyship as ready to deal death to me as I was to her! So we got busy stationing men with tin cans and crackers round three sides of the copse, leaving the side with three lanes unmolested. I guarded one, the trap number two, and a bevy of Malays, none too brave, number three. The moment the noise started, out she came, and raced straight into the trap, which was none too strong; and as she voiced her feelings in no uncertain terms and seemed so very annoyed, I let fly at her with ball and buckshot, and having made her subside, we collected her body and went after the cubs. We did n't, I am sorry to say, get them, but while I was in the jungle one came out and took hold of mamma's leg, trying to drag her away. He tore the skin a good deal. The man I had left to guard the body fled at the sight of the cub, first having pinched the tigress's whiskers, so naturally he did not want to meet me or the cub.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE LONELY MAIDENS

BY P. H. B. LYON

[*Westminster Gazette*]

YOUNG Meg is married:
She who was the glory of our woodland dances,
She who shone the whitest when the slow moon-glances
Played upon our bodies at the midnight pool;
For a little gold ring she gave her maiden laughter,
The maiden hours, the merry hours, with no thought after,
And the secrets of her eyes so crystal cool:
Oh, its ring, cruel ring, is the dirge maids sing,
When the queen of all their revels goes amarrying.

Young Meg is married:
Come and let us find where alone she lingers, —
Dark hair tumbled by the soft wind's fingers, —
Pegging out her linen by the lichened wall;
There's a song on her lips and a smile just sleeping,
But not for us her singing or the wild blood leaping,
Or the smile that slumbers till she hears him call —
Singing, ring, pretty ring, the happy maidens sing,
When the lover of their dream comes amarrying.

No, come away, away, to tread our dances.
Loneliness is better than her stranger-glances
(Ah! she was our beauty and our love so long!) —
Dance until the moon outshine her eyes so tender,
Till larches in the moonlight dim her white bride's splendor,
And the music of our voices drown her song:
Singing, ring, cruel ring, the lonely maidens sing,
When the darling of their heart goes amarrying.

THE DANCING ANGEL

BY IDA GRAVES

[*Spectator*]

NAKED he, as smooth and fair
As an old tusk, his hair
Was dense as ebony, and he
Danced in delicate ecstasy.

Imagine a rich secret, some
Close ritual unproved and dumb,
Let your feet tell it to the ground
And ring it down with subtle sound;
Let your bright hands, swift, swaying high,
Tell it to the suspicious sky,
But let your face light its surprise
To pools and trees and peeping eyes,
For hidden eyes may understand
The strange significance of hand
And foot, arm and ivory side,
And be so brimmed with shining pride
That they'll betray with every glance
The tread of an eternal dance.

So he did move, and it was I
Who watched him with my hungry eye.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

EMERSON IN FRENCH

EMERSON'S *English Traits*, written in 1847, has just appeared in a French translation to which M. Albert Thibaudet devotes an article in *L'Opinion*. Although England has undergone many changes, M. Thibaudet thinks that many of Emerson's remarks are still of interest: —

Beneath its obvious conformity to tradition, beneath its peculiar conservative attitudes, England, perhaps more than any country in Europe, accepts profound changes and the most radical measures as soon as they are recognized as necessary. . . . But Emerson's book contains, after three quarters of a century, opinions that we can profitably consider — aspects not only of English character but of the present international situation.

M. Thibaudet goes on to point out the importance of an American's attitude toward England and expresses the wish that the two countries would write on each other at the present time.

They would show us what the Englishman is in the American's eyes and what the American is in the Englishman's; the receptions that, during the past century, travelers from one country have met with in the other; the degree of similarity and the degree of divergence that exist between the two great nations of English speech and culture; their corresponding and differing fashions of thinking, acting, and living; the points of contact and the poles of repulsion that naturally form when an Englishman and an American are together.

As to Emerson's book, M. Thibaudet says: —

The English type emerging from Emerson's book is very much that of Tom Tulliver in the *Mill on the Floss*. But, like George Eliot, Emerson sees and makes felt the limitations of this type. This Anglo-American speaks of England with far more clear-sightedness and critical intelligence than our French anglophiles, the Le Plays, the Taines, the Bourgets, who represent more or less the attitude of Tacitus in *Germania* or of Madame de Stael in *L'Allemange*, and who often go on a search through an England of convention simply on the lookout for reasons to underestimate some point or other in French institutions or customs. Emerson, on the contrary, is on guard against Anglicanizing himself. He loves and admires in England the ancestor from whom he has inherited his moral capital. But this capital belongs to the American, that he may make it bear fruit and reap from it the future fortune of the Anglo-Saxon world.

But Emerson wrote this at the time when England's moral capital was at its lowest ebb, for in the latter half of the nineteenth century many reforms were adopted that remedied the bad conditions of the country. When Emerson attributes English influence in Continental politics to brute force, the French critic is much pleased.

Emerson draws a very clear distinction here between material influence and intellectual or moral influence. And here is a definite point that deeply concerns us to-day — a situation that is no longer the same as it was in Emerson's time. Then, the French exercised an influence by virtue of their cleverness, the Germans by virtue of their intellectual force, the English simply by virtue of their power (economic and political). To-day England's material power has waned in comparison with America's. . . . Emerson knew the old, aristocratic England at the summit that precedes a swift and inevitable decline.

The article closes with a comparison of modern England and America: —

But England exercises an influence in the

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realms of genius, thought, and ideas in Europe rivaling that of France. And America is a sphere in which this influence could expand greatly. America submits to it, but offers none in return. She figures in the eyes of England as a civilization of material bulk just as England appeared to Emerson's eyes in 1847. Emerson helps us in picturing a network of distinctly marked currents of power, wealth, and foresight — struggles that are neither political nor economic, and that are often not connected with them in any way.

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THE 'OLD VIC' SAVED

LOVERS of the dramatic traditions of which England has every right to be proud, will be glad to hear that the famous 'Old Vic' has been presented with thirty thousand pounds, a sum sufficient to keep the institution alive. For years, all classes of people who cared to see good plays well acted have been enabled by the 'Old Vic' to gratify this taste for a small price. But the theatre has not been able to meet its expenses and has been threatened with extinction. The London *Observer* took up the task of raising the money needed, opening its campaign with an appeal by Mr. St. John Ervine. And now the announcement is made that one man, Mr. George Dance, has himself given the whole sum needed.

Mr. Dance's career has been nearly as interesting as that of the theatre he has saved. Thirty years ago, he established himself as the pioneer of musical comedy when he wrote 'A Modern Don Quixote,' following it up with almost annual successes through the nineties. His 'Chinese Honeymoon' ran continuously for over a thousand performances at the Strand. Later he made more money as a theatrical producer. He has now given this large sum, the only conditions being that its spending be supervised by the London County Council and that the plays of Shakespeare be performed as frequently as they have been in the past. The *Saturday Review* suggests that in recognition of such generosity Mr. Dance's name be placed on the list, now being drawn up, of the Royal Commission of Honors.

The *Observer*, having sponsored the movement, is especially delighted and devotes a leading editorial to the subject. The value of such an act of philanthropy is indicated: patronage of the arts is the chief justification of an aristocracy. Although the present régime is supposed to be democratic, the commercial aristocracy of wealth has the same duties to fulfill as its delicate eighteenth-century ancestor.

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TWO RUMANIAN WRITERS

LIFE in Rumania has always been so tumultuous that a national literature or even a literary language has been slow to appear. Roman influences were followed by Slavic, Byzantine, Greek, Turkish, Italian, and French. But during the last century Rumania began to acquire a new national consciousness, and has produced at least two men of real genius who express the ideas of their own nation in their own tongue. One of these is the poet, Michail Eminescu, who was born in 1849 and was educated in Vienna. His eye for the picturesque and striking, as well as the beauty and the brevity of his descriptions, show that he has real poetic gifts. He treats the immortal subjects of love and death with the hand of a master; his attitude is melancholy and despairing, but he is fond of life despite the curses that he sometimes heaps upon it. In some of his work, such as the *Ocean of Ice*, he rails at existence, saying: —

I want to traverse the course of my years, pushed aside by everyone, until my eyes are dry and tearless, until every man in the

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world is my enemy, until I no longer recognize myself, until my supplications and sorrows have made me hard as stone, until I can curse the mother whom I loved: only then, when the bitterest hate seems like love, perhaps I shall forget my sufferings and can die.

But as the years went on, Mr. Eminescu's mood grew calmer, and he ended his life muttering something about a tomb near the sea.

A more representative and impressive figure is Ion Luca Caragiale, the son of an actor and a peasant woman, whose personality more than his work reflects the soul of his country. In three years he rose, like our own Sinclair Lewis, from an inefficient proofreader to a successful author. Like most great geniuses, he was a radical in politics; however, he was a great friend of the late Liberal leader, Take Jonescu. In his comedy, *A Lost Letter*, he pokes malicious fun at politics; and *Carnival*, another comedy, was hissed and its author so misunderstood as to be accused as an enemy of progress. His tragedy, *Napasta*, is in an entirely different vein. It is a concentrated psychological study of a group of only four characters and recalls Dostoevskii and even *Hamlet*.

But Caragiale's random remarks about himself throw more light on his character than anything else. He was unapproachable in manner, but was deeply offended at being called satirical and claimed to be a sentimentalist. He was a passionate advocate of freedom of the press, saying that it was his only support. At some times a tragic figure, at others epicurean, humorous, or mystic, he defies exact analysis. Four comedies, one drama, and about a hundred sketches are all that he wrote. His flashes of genius are brilliant, but he wasted more gifts than he ever used. From the gifts he threw aside, a great artist could be made.

AN ANCIENT ABBEY

NINE hundred years ago, King Canute made a grant of the manor of Sele in Devonshire to the Buckfast order of Benedictine monks. When the monks came here is not known, but England was the first country outside of Italy in which this order established itself. Down to the time of Henry VIII, Buckfast Abbey held a prominent position as an economic and religious centre, having changed over to the Cistercian rule during the religious reforms of the twelfth century. When King Henry seized it in 1535, the buildings were sold and the lead stripped from the roof. For three centuries it sank into worse and worse decay until, in 1882, a Congregation of French Benedictines, expelled from their own country, obtained possession. A private house was standing on the original site and even the foundations were scarcely recognizable. By 1886, the monks had erected a temporary church and laid bare the old foundations. In 1899, they were restored to the full dignity of an independent Benedictine monastery.

Then the important work of rebuilding the Abbey Church began. With true mediæval zeal, the monks set about this task themselves; but at no time were more than six of them employed. The work could progress no faster than the money trickled in, and under ordinary conditions it would have cost twenty thousand pounds. The labor, under architectural direction, was unremittingly continued until this year, when the task was completed. In several respects, this feat is unique. Buckfast Abbey is the largest existing English church, cathedrals excepted, outside of London. It is also the only great abbey of the past to have been rebuilt. The Transition Norman style of the twelfth century has been carefully followed and many reconstructed

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relics add to its impressiveness. Buckfast Abbey is now a suitable monument to the faith of its builders.

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BULL-BAITING IN PAMPLONA

EVERY year, from the sixth to the eleventh of July, there is a celebration of the festival of Saint Firmin at Pamplona. As is customary in Spain, bullfights play a large part; in fact, they are more of a drawing card than the Saint. But even the Spanish national pastime would not attract such crowds were it not for the *encierra*, a gentle game that takes place before the regular fight. Instead of having the bulls taken to the arena in cages, they are driven through the streets of the town. A cannon is fired when this ceremony begins, the naïve idea being to keep the people off the streets. But it only serves as a signal for all men of spirit and enterprise to appear. The result is that any spectator who has a drop of toreador blood in his veins — and most of them have a good deal — dons his finest clothes and attempts to bait the bulls as they surge through the streets. Usually the bulls are too dazed to attack, but occasionally one of them, pushed on from behind, will charge his tormentor and even lay him low. If the embryonic toreador is not seriously injured, he will continue the sport.

All went well this year until the bulls were being driven into the arena. A number of particularly hardy fellows were still prancing about before them, when the congestion became such that caperings and escape were equally impossible. For some minutes there was a turmoil of arms, legs, and bulls. 'But,' the press report ends, 'comparatively small harm was done: only twenty-seven people were slightly injured.'

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BYZANTINE AND BULGARIAN ART

THE relation between ancient Byzantine and Bulgarian art is discussed in a book on ancient Bulgarian art, one chapter of which appeared in the *Écho de Bulgarie*. The account is general and vague, but several definite contentions are raised. In the nineteenth century, when the country's national sense awoke and overthrew Turkish dominion, an artistic renaissance accompanied the political awakening. Woodcarving and religious mural painting were the chief features of this revival. But the style of the work was Byzantine — an influence from which Bulgaria could not conceivably be free. And Byzantine art is the antithesis of Greek — the one is Oriental, the other is Occidental. To be sure, Greece has exerted an influence, but Constantinople received that influence by way of Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. In Bulgaria, especially after the acceptance of Christianity, a form of Byzantine art appeared, differing from Rumanian, Serbian, or any Balkan Byzantine in much the same way that English, French, and Spanish Gothic differ from each other.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Guilty Souls, by Robert Nichols. London: Chatto & Windus, 1922. *7s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Guilty Souls is a drama of conscience. It is a great relief to find one of our younger authors willing to admit, or rather anxious to insist, that a man who does wrong can be haunted by a bad conscience: 'I wish to stir you,' says Mr. Nichols, 'with a crooked soul's attempted escape from God.' Bentley, a lawyer, steals certain funds left in his charge, and allows his friend and partner to be arrested, condemned, and imprisoned for his crime.

In the first act, which he ought to have cut out altogether, Mr. Nichols shows us Bentley plotting his own dishonor. The rest of the play is his effort to 'escape from God.'

The play is a poet's play; although the surroundings are commonplace and the people ordinary, Mr. Nichols writes with an exaltation which takes his drama out of the range of the ordinary realistic theatre. He has not controlled his exaltation as Ibsen did; too often there is the same note of spiritual hysteria which we mark in Strindberg or Andreev — that sensation of irresponsibility of character which always threatens to destroy drama because it substitutes for the clash of wills the mere clash of temperament, a warfare which is fit only for farce or comedy, not for tragedy.

On the whole, however, the second and fourth acts are very successful in the way in which they render the struggle between Bentley and his wife, and between his wife and Lois Forster, his stepniece. Clara Bentley, with her narrow, intense affection, her worldliness and sense, cannot sympathize with Oswald's useless remorse for a crime long past, nor with his efforts to convert remorse into effective repentance. Lois, a beautifully drawn character, sympathizes and encourages Bentley, whose final victory is dramatic and definite. Some of the best scenes in the play are those between Bentley and Vyson who, changed by prison and believed to be dead, takes service in his enemy's house. The dismissal of Vyson by Bentley after he has written his confession will show something of Mr. Nichols's power: —

'Go, then. You will not escape. God is upon your heels; you will never shake Him off any more than you can shake off your shadow. All the earth lies before you. Wander it as you will. Find rest if you can. Soon will God teach you there is no rest anywhere for the soul save in His Bosom.'

Ouvert la Nuit, by Paul Morand. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1922. *7fr.*

[*La Revue de la Semaine*]

If it were necessary to show how a writer who has been conspicuous as one of the most audacious moderns and has been read only by a minority can be accepted by a large public from whom he seemed only yesterday to be remote, no better example could be chosen than M. Paul Morand. Admired up to now only by a few curious people, for two bits of verse that showed highly original poetic sensibilities and for a collection of three stories, *Tendres stocks*, that were full of irony and subtlety, M. Morand has acquired fame and universal praise for his latest book, *Ouvert la Nuit*.

The reason for this sudden success is easily explained. The reading public of to-day is much less governed by routine than is commonly supposed. It only asks to be led to something new; but it insists on perceiving some desire, or at least intention, on the part of the author. That is not demanding a great deal. However, it is certain that very few of the young writers give this satisfaction. In fact, most of them are like clever conjurers who appear on the stage without having prepared their act and without quite knowing what they are going to do. They are improvisers, not innovators. But the public does not like uncertainties of this kind: they add to its confusion before the spectacle, which, by its very nature, is disconcerting. Whenever the public discovers in one of these writers any sense of direction, whenever it feels that the author knows where he is going and that he is obeying some æsthetic impulse, it rushes upon him, no matter how strange and obscure this new road often seems. To put it in a nutshell, no singularity, no shattering of literary convention is a drawback, provided the writer shows personality.

M. Morand's touch is lively and humorous. It must be added that, in spite of apparent disorder, there is a great deal of logic in his plan. His stories are skillfully told, and he has, when he needs it, a sense of the pathetic. He has also the intelligence to choose very special subjects, to describe places that we do not know, and to paint original types. That will assure him of success because what he took for a model, and what we were ignorant of, will remain before our eyes, marked with his personality. And before certain exotic scenes, before certain expressions or the strange gestures of certain women, more than one reader of *Ouvert la Nuit* will henceforth exclaim, 'There is an incident, a scene, a woman *for Morand*.'

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The Hidden Force, by Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixcra de Mattos. London: Jonathan Cape, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

It is probable that this novel in the original depends on its atmosphere for any success it achieves. Written by a Dutchman about Java, and translated by another Dutchman, it is not surprising that its color in English is flat and dispiriting, with no more flavor of the Orient than you would find in a Scotch book about Wapping. For any appreciation, therefore, we have to fall back upon the bare bones of the story, which deals with the notion that in the enervating conditions of the East the foreigner inevitably abandons his European morale and declines to the lowest standard of the native. The portrait, on these terms, of the governor of Labuwangi is incomplete; we behold him at one stage of his career happy, conscientious, and energetic; at the close he has 'gone native,' but we do not witness his transformation. If we can believe it at all it is only because the author insists that it is so; there is no suggestive implication, no inevitability about his fate, no cause for it; and apart from his unbelievable stupidity, it is a very improbable fate.

Whatever action there is in the tale — and there is very little indeed — is grouped around other people: his wife with her disgusting amour, his stupid son with his, and his stupider daughter with hers. These, with a set of officials who dabble with art, table-rapping, and infidelity, everlastingly sighing for holidays in Europe, form less an artistic ensemble than a collection of automata exhibited in a milieu that is ponderous without being convincing.

L'Homme Traqué, by Francis Carco. Paris: Albin Michel. Grand Prix de Roman, 1922.

[*La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

The plot of this novel is very simple. Lampieur, a baker, has killed an old landlady in order to rob her. He committed this crime at the time when the women in the quarter who wanted a little bread were in the habit of lowering through the air hole a coin attached to a thread. He found that one of these women, having seen nothing come up again, was aware of his absence and could connect that with the crime whose exact hour the newspapers had told. His torment is the task of discovering the woman who knows his secret and sharing with her the weight of the terror that in a coarse-grained person takes the place of remorse. But this burden is too heavy for their miserable love. Lampieur, through involuntary imprudence and even at the behest of his obscure conscience, gives himself up to the police.

This solution has been criticized. (In connection with this allow us to point out that the book that 'comes out wrong' is on the verge of passing quite out of fashion.) However, no other ending is possible. Perhaps M. Carco left his sad hero to his fate a little too suddenly. The truth is that the real subject of the book was exhausted. And it is a fine invention, this bond of fear, of shame, and of love, that life stretches out between two such touching and sorrowful figures. What is a novel of adventure if not that? But in every adventure novel the difficult thing is to finish it without having recourse to mystery, so propitious an element to newly established writers. The first hundred pages of *L'Homme Traqué* are very moving and the rest of the story is of the first order. The style is clear, sober, terse, and yet it reflects all the shades of life.

After *Rien qu' une Femme*, no one could be afraid that M. Carco would remain the prisoner of a formula. After *L'Homme Traqué*, one is certain that he will always be able to break from him the shackles of success.

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